' THE MYSTERIOUS GOVERNESS," A MOST CAPTIVATING STORY, NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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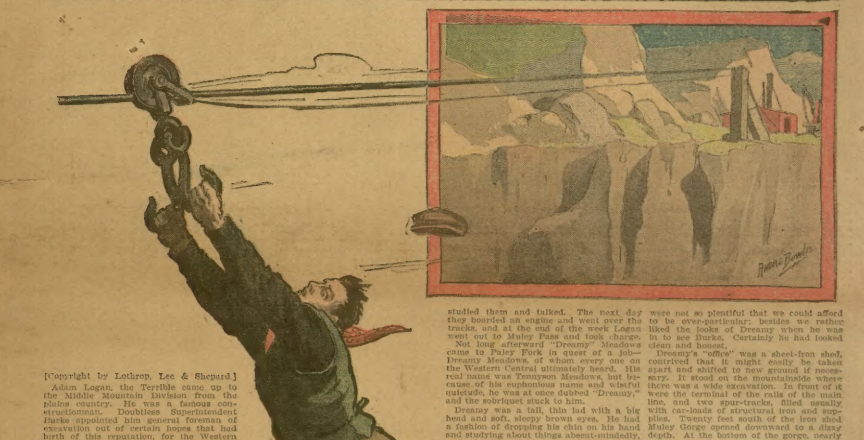
THE CAR OF DYNAMITE;

Or, HOW DREAMY MEADOWS WON. By Alvah Milton Kerr.



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Adam Logan, the Terrible came up to the Middle Mountain Division from the plains country. He was a famous construction man. Doubtless Superintendent Burke appointed him general foreman of excavation out of certain hopes that had birth of this reputation, for the Western Central had suffered unpleasant periods of friction and delays in the course of its construction.

General headquarters and the despatcher's office were then at Paley Fork, at the west end of the East Division. The Middle Division was somewhat over half-completed, the bridges being up and the rails down well up the Muley Pass, while the West Division was little more than a survey, twisting over Saddle Bow Range and down into Arizona. The things that were being done by brain and muscle and giant powder and dynamite in the mountains of Colorado, during those days, were something to contemplate. The army of men blasting and breaking a way for the Western Central across the mountains were not in a genteel business; they were not genteel with one another. "Yellow" Logan, as we afterward called him, seemed needed.

When he came into the general office at Paley Fork, we stared at him. He looked a sort of human lion. His face was big and not pretty to look at, and had a really fearful strength, his beard and hair in color were very like a lion's mane, his eyes were of a yellowish cast, with brown striations at the center, and looked at men and things with direct and merciless honesty. He did not always understand other men's motives and claims, but so far as he conceived them to be centered in right he tried to be just; beyond that men and their wishes had to yield or break.

Superintendent Burke started to "look him over" when the man from the plains sat in front of him in the general office, but I noted that Burke's eyes fell and that Logan looked the superintendent over instead. He had letters from the Kansas Pacific, and when Burke had read them the two men looked at each other.

"According to these letters you seem to be about the sort of man I'm hunting for," said Burke. "How long have you been on construction work?"

"Fifteen years."

"Where?"

"On the Fort Scott & Gulf, on the Santa Fe, and lately on the K. P."

"Well, I'd like to have you go out to the front and relieve Foreman Swayson. He seems to be having more or less trouble with the Italians and Poles that are on excavation. I presume he isn't quite firm enough. What is your method? What is your experience?"

"If the men are fairly paid and have decent camps, then they ought to be made to work or get out, one or the other. Be sure you're right, then be iron, stick like death when it's surely got a man, that's my style. A whole round-up of men hardly ever get restless of themselves; some tarry feller among 'em gets to kicking and hurrying and the herd breaks. My doctrine is to find that feller and cut him out of the bunch before there's a stampede."

The superintendent smiled. "I like your doctrine," he said. "We will take a look at the line." He got out the profiles, and they studied them and talked. The next day they boarded an engine and went over the tracks, and at the end of the week Logan went out to Muley Pass and took charge.

Not long afterward "Dreamy" Meadows came to Paley Fork in quest of a job—Dreamy Meadows, of whom every one on the Western Central ultimately heard. His real name was Tennyson Meadows, but because of his euphonious name and wistful quietude, he was at once dubbed "Dreamy," and the sobriquet stuck to him.

Dreamy was a tall, thin lad with a big head and soft, sleepy brown eyes. He had a fashion of dropping his chin on his hand and studying about things absent-mindedly, and of looking long at scenes and objects in trance-like thought. He seemed Yellow Logan's exact antithesis, yet, at bottom, he was not wholly so; he simply had not yet struck his natural gait. Dreamers have been the world's greatest workers—when events awakened them; every man who has influenced human destiny at one time or another saw visions.

Dreamy was sent out to take charge of a movable telegraph station on Muley Pass. All along the Muley and up over the Pass, construction work was in progress. Logan's headquarters and Dreamy's station were at the same point, above Muley Gorge, halfway up the Pass. It was there that Dreamy did the deed and—awoke.

From the first, Logan did not approve of the new operator; he had no patience for slow, reflective people, and Dreamy was surely slow. We despatchers found him slow on the wire, slow even in handling a thing so swift as electricity. However, operators who cared to go out on such work were not so plentiful that we could afford to be over-particular; besides we rather liked the looks of Dreamy when he was in to see Burke. Certainly he had looked clean and honest.

Dreamy's "office" was a sheet-iron shed, contrived that it might easily be taken apart and shifted to new ground if necessary. It stood on the mountainside where there was a wide excavation. In front of it were the terminal of the rails of the main line, and two spur-tracks, filled usually with car-loads of structural iron and supplies. Twenty feet south of the iron shed Muley Gorge opened downward to a dizzy depth. At the bottom of the gorge, nearly five hundred feet below, the Muley mumbled and frothed over the rocks.

Directly after he took command of the working forces, Logan had a small howitzer brought up and a slug with a heavy wire attached was shot across the gorge, the wire being fastened to a steel cable. Men sent across the river at bridge Number 18, and following up the shore to a point opposite Logan's headquarters, found the wire and drew the three hundred feet of cable over, and eventually a trolley carrier and grapple were rigged to operate upon it, and a good deal of cedar timber was drawn across for use in construction. This cable was of signal utility in Dreamy's famous adventure.

Westward from Muley Point, the site of Logan's and Dreamy's station, hundreds of men were working in cuts and on fills, while after mile of rugged mountain slopes were being bored and blasted and ripped open that the passing iron monster might find a path for their whirling feet, pick and shovel and drill and scraper and mule and man were busy, and the Pass trembled almost momentarily with the crash and reverberation of exploded dynamite. Northeastward from the Point the track fell downward like a leaping whip-lash, and, following the Muley in a long detour, came back to within a mile of the Point to the southeastward, on its way down into Muley Valley. This natural loop of nearly ten miles was the main means of lifting trains on to the slopes of the Pass; it also helped to save "Yellow" Logan and one hundred and forty men from annihilation.

Looking directly southeast from Dreamy's iron shed, the eye crossed the Muley and encountered a pine-covered ridge; on the other side of the ridge at the distant wing bridge Number 18, where the Western Central track crossed the Muley from the south side to the north and took the ten-mile loop to gain the heights at Muley Point. Near the south end of bridge Number 18 was a "Y" switch. That was the topographical situation; the human situation was still more interesting.

Dreamy had not much to do—messages about supplies and the occasional train order. He commonly, therefore, had some

sort of book in his fist on which he pored, or sat silently gazing at the beauty of the mountain. As for the new general foreman, he seemed everywhere; his keen yellow eyes appeared to dwell hotly on every man and object. Work went at high pressure after his arrival, and there was scarcely stifling and grunting, but all along the line new things were acknowledged. Logan was inspiring of his own strength, and the food and bedding and general comforts of the camps were improved.

Then came the 10th of August. At twelve o'clock that day the noon whistle shot from the mountains and remained: the brawn of the big hills had struck. Logan had come to for work in May; Dreamy arrived a week later. For a month now the general foreman had been aware that a secret ferment was at work, for a month he had also been looking for the one blamable man, but could not locate him. The old trouble, temporarily mended by Swayne and Burke, had broken out afresh. Logan had rectified several things complained of by the men and had thereby robbed them of their instigators. But on the 10th of August the work stopped again. Logan heard the whisper from one of the men down to Burke, but the demands were pronounced unreasonable and were flatly refused. Logan returned, both instructed and determined to fight the matter out.

Through several days there was dead quiet on Muley Pass, then the storm broke. Logan learned in fresh talk with attendants to set them to work, but the strikers, partly by force and partly by persuasion, influenced the men to withdraw. Then Burke and the general foreman recruited a body of about two hundred Italians of American birth, and strengthening them with a number of rifles and pistols again started for the Pass. That was on the night of the 23d of August.

Logan, almost at first Dreamy Meadows had known which man was the chief of the strikers, had felt that he throbbed the brain that led in vibrating the discord, the man who had been the fiery, peculiar fellow, who spoke English and three other languages, and who came to visit Dreamy several times in the month.

Had the young Italian made speeches and conducted the campaign, Logan would have quickly deposed him, and so probably would have made an end of the trouble; but Dreamy, with the mysterious air of one of a certain sort and an angel of persuasion, was secretly busy with the work of teaching and organizing at night. Dreamy, being aware of this, acknowledged to Logan his right to the work, but the latter had had a thorn in his side, and Logan had put it down. Opposed with brutal violence, the general foreman had pronounced Dreamy the leader, the man responsible, and when Dreamy had laughed at the strictures in his heart he was serene.

"Come at this trouble; it's not my affair," said Dreamy to himself; and so, when Logan from the mountain sent to Dreamy was foolish and the temper fell.

After the strike had been inaugurated, Dreamy told Logan what he knew of Burke's evil, little or nothing, and Logan, recollecting in the youth, Logan's anger was something to see. He at once wrote a telegram to Burke and that the Muley Point operator had been disloyal and to send another operator immediately. Dreamy sent the message without courage of countenance and with an alacrity quite unusual. But Burke did not send another telegraph operator to Muley Point, for the very good reason that operator and wire were arranged to go up into that human hornet's nest. It presently got over-warm for Dreamy.

Logan, being Dreamy's revengeful blot, unearthed several things. He promptly had Burke's spies and one man arrested and "taken below," as going down to Muley Fork was called. The prisoners were Italians, pigmented rather than decreased, however. Dreamy himself fell foul of the evidence that began to accrue. Him of sending reports "below" inimical to their interests. On August 21st, the day before Logan and Burke were going to attempt to land American workmen on the Pass, a group of strikers captured Dreamy and the Muley Point headquarters.

Matters were bitter. A piece of writing was placed before Dreamy on the telegraph table, a pistol was put in his hand, and he was ordered to write. He writing down to us at general headquarters. Dreamy promptly complied, but added, without pause, at the end of the message: "A pistol is at my temple and an extremely ugly gentleman is nobbling it, but most of this message is a lie. Tell Logan the Terrible to come ahead."

We liked Dreamy for that. For a week we had expected that he would desert his post and come down to Paley Fork if he had to come afoot. But he stuck to the hornet's-nest like a pirate.

When Dreamy volunteered that odd postscript to the message of the strikers, he had counted on there being no one present besides himself who could read Morse, but he had been aware of Logan's having the telegraph a little and Dreamy came near losing his life. He covered the words with mountainside and secreted himself. That night about midnight Logan came down the mountain and put into the iron shed on his hands and knees and called. I was at the telegraph table down in the shed and answered him.

"Where have you been and what's the attack?" said Logan.

"Been lying on my stomach up among the rocks," said Dreamy. "Attack," he said. "Situation is rocky. They got on to my Morse and I think I'm the only man at Muley Point. The Point are quiet; they'd be O. K. if let alone, but there's fifteen or twenty strikers and three dynamite bombs—looks like dynamite."

I experienced a queer thrill of frost along my spine. "Where is that car-load of dynamite that was sent up there on August 1st?" I asked. "Is it unopened?"

There on the siding. I've had my eye on it lately; struck me they might take a notion to do some damage with it. Have a notion to do some damage with it myself. Logan, if you could call you up and give you the status quo. I'm uneasy about that car-load. I'm the only man at Muley Point who understands Morse. I think, if any swift operator got on the wire and began to tell some ugly stories about things here, you'll know it's not me. Say, give Logan my love to everybody present, but I'm not mad. I'll have to creep out of here on my solar plexus. I hear some rods with me."

Dreamy was certainly waking up. He was a person of courage, I smiled and smiled when I thought of Logan's demand for his removal on the ground of "disloyalty." The man whom we tried many times to "raise" Muley Point on the wire, but the Point was unresponsive. Then, at 2 o'clock, a special train of twenty-seven flat cars loaded with men and drawn by two engines, pulled out for the Pass; an hour later Burke followed with another train-load of men.

Logan before Burke's left at bent over the train-sheet in Paley Fork, a hurried, terrible call came from Muley Point. Forty miles away. I had my ear cocked for Dreamy and hit the wire quick in response.

"What is the row?" I asked.

"Dreamy. Say, but I'm hungry!"

"Yes? How are things?"

"Nawsty. Most of the men want peace; the bosses and sawbrasde tried this p. m. to marshal 'em to resist Yellow when he arrives. From my lair among the chaparral I looked down on some pretty fights. A hand-ear of sympathizers arrived from below and was fired on. I crept down and lay in a dark place and listened. Looks like some sort of trouble. I've kept my eyes pasted to the ear of nitro. I don't think they know the car has dynamite in it."

"Bridge 18 must be all right?"

"Yep; hand-car came back. Bridge 18 keep as posted if you can. I think things will turn out all right."

But they did not; care for Dreamy they would have gone badly indeed. When he crawled out of the telegraph shed and crept away in the gloom, a turbulent group of men were replenishing a fire with the sometwo hundred feet west of the office. Dreamy crept in close and looked and listened. Burke and the general foreman had been ordered arrest were there. Having been liberated on account of lack of incriminating evidence, Burke was now down over down at Paley Fork and had come to the Pass with Logan. Logan, Dreamy knew, had brought an exaggerated story of the infernal indignities that were being practiced on the hotel at Muley Point, and counseled extreme measures of restraint.

Most of the talk was Italian, and Dreamy could not understand it, but he made out a few Anglo-Saxon speeches, which were partly in English, that the young leader favored letting matters rest from one end of the siding down on to the main track and chaining the whole train to the rocks, so that instead of building a barricade on each side of these cars in the cut, thus bringing Logan to a force they might not successfully force him to compromise settlement there, they would be "between two soldiers" into the works.

Dreamy crept back to the shed and reported the talk to me. Just before he called me, Green Elbow, a telegraph station six miles south of Muley Point, reported Logan going west. There was no telegraph operator between Elbow and Muley Point. Dreamy crawled out of the iron shed, after reporting to me, he opened the door a bit of terrace, threw a switch and had been opened and six cars were passing down the main track under his eyes. There was a fiery radiance on the mountains, and he saw that the two front cars had been fired. The first contained two pounds of dynamite and a flat car loaded with structural iron. Dreamy dropped from the car and leaving them behind. A man was walking forward on top of the second car, examining it. He came to the front end of the fourth car almost at the same moment Dreamy and the latter, filled with consternation. Some men were walking down the track after the cars, and Dreamy thought he saw a gun in the hand of one of the two runaways. Dreamy leaped forward screaming: "There is a man in that front car! Catch them! Hold them, for God's sake, hold them!" but the runaways went down the down-grade, and Dreamy's gloom like frightened snakes.

Dreamy stopped running some two hundred feet east of the telegraph shed. Like a great and fearful sheet of flame, that which he had dreaded most in the world rose in his soul. When that down-shooting car of thirty-five tons struck Logan's locomotive train, when the steel beams on the second car drove through the dynamite car in the middle, there would be a terrific explosion. The shore-end of the cable that hung across the gulf from Muley Point to Muley was not a dozen yards from him. As he turned about, his eyes fell upon it. Beyond the cable, a quarter beyond the black mass of the forest-covered ridge, a little wisp of light swirled. A fire-ball flashed into his face, a gleam of something white and strange, and almost in the time that it took to think a breath he had reached the cable.

In the moonlight it stretched far across the abyss like a silver thread, dwindling in the shadows of the south shore to some thing that looked very like a strand of gossamer. The wheeled carrier, with its down-dangling grappling-iron, hung upon the cable; a small wire rope, attached to the carrier and to a windlass and drum in drawing the loads across from the opposite shore, hung at his side. He threw the brake off the drum, cast the rope, and caught the grappling-hooks in his hands and shot out along the cable.

The south end of the cable was the lower, that the carrier might cross by its own weight. At the point of weight added, the carrier fairly flew. Hanging there by his hands above the gulf, he got a dizzy glimpse of stars and moon whirling together above him, of the Muley boiling white far below, and of the mountains that against his face and heard wheels burring in his ears; then downhill he was thrown head-long to the earth on the south shore. The carrier had struck the bunting-post at the end of the cable.

Instantly he leaped to his feet and made for the summit of the ridge. Everything told that he did seemed somehow terribly clear.

He knew that Logan's train had left Green Elbow, for I had told him so, knew when he shot across Muley Gorge on the cable the runaways must have been under some four and a half miles below the "Y," while the two runaway cars had some nine miles to run before reaching it, and he himself a mile. Logan would come rather swiftly, on the down-grade, with the car of dynamite and the car of iron must necessarily attain enormous speed in running down the mountain. Could he reach the "Y" before the runaways passed it? That was the question that something in him constantly shouted as he went up the slope, across the spine of the ridge and down the other side, springing over rocks, clambering up ledges, jumping down banks, and over fallen tree-trunks, falling and struggling up and rushing onward heedlessly and blindly through the moonlit gloom.

He seemed to have been many days in going that fearful mile, and his throat seemed as a pinhole through which he could get no breath, and his pulses bursting when he caught a glimpse of the bridge below the "Y." He turned to the right then and went downward in reckless leaps. Suddenly he came to a little precipice and paused, and as he paused he heard a clamorous roar flooding down the Muley from the south—went and the hail-storm made of a locomotive far down the track.

From that moment he lived in a kind of insane panic. Of just how he got down the ledge he now has no recollection. He remembers finding himself on the ground half-killed, and scrambling up and rushing forward with strange moaning things all about him, finding the "Y" switch and breaking the lock with a stone or piece of iron—he does not know which—and throwing the rails over, and then running blindly down the main track. He remembers that as he ran the earth seemed to rise and strike him in the face, and that he became entangled in an upon billows, and that something encompassed in thunder rushed across the bridge below the "Y" switch and shrieked, and that the thunder swept down the track and shrieked again. The switch-rails went abroad over the mountains, and all along the Pass men and beasts heard the death of Logan. Had Logan and all his men been destroyed? Suddenly every heart was broken by the news that Dreamy had broken the strike!

Logan—who could not get his train across the bridge, the structure having been thrown out of line by the impact of the runaways—and Burke, who was with the explosion—found Dreamy at daybreak. The lad was to sad plight. Dreamy, who had escaped unscathed by the mighty wave of dynamite, was in a state of blindness, sound that had swept across him, a deafness that had come with it, with, gotten somewhere in his wild run for the switch. Logan, at the sight of Dreamy, ordered him to the hospital at Paley Fork.

"The strike and the work can wait," he said, "but you've got to serve a real live king very often!"

But the lad of earth where the dynamite exploded! We went up from the Muley Point office to see if we could despatcher's office to see if we could find some trace into the rupture and not half-filled it. Odd things grew out of that hole. One was Yellow, who, with a mysterious look on his face, went into the hospital at Paley Fork to view a dead body—Dreamy's bed. Dreamy had regained his hearing and was feeling like new. Yellow, with a look of fear, fled with welcoming smile.

Logan got his hand and drew up close to him and began to whisper. "Say, son, I want to tell ye something. Ye've been a hero. Ye mounted up there is a quarry of the finest stone ye ever saw! The General Manager of the Muley Company gives 'em only every other section. I've bought the section the quarry is in and I'm going to let it go some papers here for ye't sign. Burke says the company will accept it and will give me a lease to work and pay ye a royalty; besides, I expect people in Denver and Chicago will be the house. Ye're sure, son!" His great face was radiant with smiles as he leaned over the cot, pressing the boy's hand. The hand and looked at him with misty eyes. "Logan, it's a fine thing for you and for me to long time. Ye're a man of genius, son, and you think the quarry is going to be valuable?" he said.

"Sure, dear, sure!"

"Then I give you half of it."

This is how Dreamy and Logan came to own the valuable Muley Quarry, though both continued their railroad work and became rich and famous men in the Western Central.

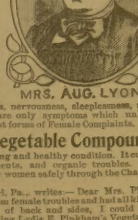
This thrilling story is reproduced here by permission of the publishers of a book of most remarkable railroad stories entitled "The Diamond Key, and Other Railroad Heroes Won It." The stories are largely founded on fact, and romance, thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by railroad operators and train despatchers, telegraph operators and train despatchers, predominate. The book was written by an ex-train despatcher, and contains much valuable information as well as thrilling adventure. It is a new book by the author of "Frenzied Finance," and while it is beautifully bound and illustrated and contains nearly 400 pages. If you wish to give as a present or as a work of art you would like yourself to be thrilled and cheered, we advise you to send for it. Its price is $1.25. Address Lee & Shepard, 91 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

TIRED AND SICK YET MUST WORK

"Man may work from sun to sun but woman's work is never done."

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo and often suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they need to be have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, comes as a blessing. When the spirits are depressed, the head and back aches, there are dragging-down pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, and reluctance to go anywhere, these are only symptoms which unless heeded, are soon followed by the worst forms of Female Complaints.



MRS. AUG. LYON

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

keeps the feminine organism in a strong and healthy condition. It cures Inflammation, Ulceration, displacements, and organic troubles. It prepares for child-birth and to carry women safely through the Change of Life it is most efficient.

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—For a long time I suffered from female troubles and had all kinds of aches and pains in the lower part of back and sides, I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following the advice which you gave me I feel like a new woman and I cannot praise your medicine too highly."

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

His Bad Luck.

Dr. Austin Flint, the alienist, said at the Century Club dinner in New York the other day:

"I will confess that had been tried last year.

"The plaintiff lost, and no wonder. His case was as difficult a one as that of the young man who appeared unduly depressed after the death of his rich aunt.

"'Why are you so sad?' an acquaintance said to the young man. 'You never appeared to care much for your aunt.'

"'I didn't,' said the youth dolefully 'but I was the means of keeping her in a private asylum the last five years of her life, and now that she has left me all her money, I've got to go to court and prove that she was of sound mind.'"

Wages and Boodle.

"What's the difference between wages and boodle?"

"Well, wages is money a man earns and sometimes doesn't get, but boodle is what a man gets and doesn't earn."

THE UNWRITTEN LAW;

OR THE HAND OF RETRIBUTION.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "Device of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," "The Third Woman."

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CHAPTER XVI.
ARMS OF STEEL.

"It wasn't a bad night's work," chuckled the man who walked from the Deland mansion feeling a big roll of bills underneath his coat. "I guess I know my business. It's a cool thousand and not much work for it either. That woman has the tiger in her make-up and I wouldn't have stood the least show if I hadn't followed her with fiery eyes when she went to the little stand. She would have shot me down like a dog, that's what she'd have done. But you're out of it, Nick, and win a whole skin, too."

He turned up afterward in that part of the city where old Paduoche had his den.

He confronted the old man and looked him over from head to foot before he entrusted himself to take the chair that was assigned him.

"How's business?" he asked.

The beady eyes of the old man snapped. Under the shaggy brows their whole life stars, and for a little while the detective pushed that aside.

"You do all sorts of things here, I believe," he said at last.

The old creole left off work at the little bench and came over to his visitor.

"What do you?" he demanded.

"Just a little observation, you know. I'm interested in—in—well, curios."

"Ho! you spy, mebbe!"

In a manner, yes. I am a night prowler. And I know for things that I could not be nice to tell to the world at large."

"My secrets, eh?"

"Perhaps," said Nicholas Bragg. "You have them like other people."

"What one you find out?"

"I would like to ask what you charge to remove, say, a tattoo mark? It's owing to the wealth of the patient, I suppose?"

The little eyes seemed to retreat into the depths of their cavernous sockets and then came out the next moment like the bulging orbs of a striking serpent.

"Take that chair," commanded Paduoche. "Since you've come to talk I must listen from this side of the room."

Unsuspectingly Bragg took the armchair designated and sank into its yielding depths.

"Now what you want to know?" proceeded the old man.

"Let me see. Yes, I was asking what you charge for removing birth or tattoo marks, say, if the young lady is rich or has a rich beau who can pay?"

The face of the old man seemed to shoot forward like the head of an adder, and to the detective it looked for all the world like the head of that reptile.

"Why you come to know?"

"A matter of curiosity and be'ness," said Bragg, becoming a little bolder.

"What you pay to know?"

"Oh, I don't care to part with much of my cash. I see you don't care to enlighten me."

Old Paduoche drew back.

"Who was she?" he asked. "Do you know?"

"What if I do?"

"Tell me. She was a beauty and would have to be veiled and she got to be a princess."

"She did, eh? Well, she could, seeing that she has a banker not to be despised."

"Her mother?"

"Blest if I know" and for just a moment the name of Mrs. Deland trembled on the detective's lips. "But she can pay just the same."

The face of old Paduoche went as white as such a face could go.

He drew back, looked at Bragg for a moment and then—

There was a sitting cry and a pair of flexible steel arms came from he knew not where and in a flash he was in the prisoner of the chair.

His arms were held as if in the grasp of a vise at the side of the chair, he was pressed toward the back and there he felt something sharp like the point of a stiletto.

He looked at the now grinning face of the old man. It had been transformed into the face of a veritable fiend, and looked for all the world like faces he had seen only in dreams and never in real life.

"Loosen the arms of your infernal chair!" he exclaimed. "I know too much to be kept beyond my time in this den."

"You know too much to go out of it."

The voice and the mien of the speaker were merciless.

"I am an officer of the law and my absence will be noted and they will look for me here."

"Ha!" was the sententious rejoinder.

"I have given out that I was coming to your den, and if I am not back within a certain time you will have other visitors and then the whole secret of your black art will be out."

"I save the young lady. I never let my secrets get upon the streets."

"You don't, eh? You never let the world know how you remove marks, yet it discovers that that is part of your black business."

Old Paduoche rose and went back to his phials and phitters at the work bench.

Bragg could see, even twist in his prison chair, but he could watch the old man and see him weigh minute things in little scales and smile over his employment.

He seemed to have forgotten the captive of the chair. It was as if Bragg was a thousand miles away.

The man in the chair grew black with rage. He foamed at the mouth and glared like a tiger at his foe.

"You shall not silence me!" he shot at the old man. "You shall not keep me here. It is murder!"

Old Paduoche only looked over his shoulder. There was a leer in his eyes that stirred even Bragg's blood.

"You know too much," he said. "You must be kept quiet."

"And do you think that treatment of this kind will quiet me?"

"We'll see what they shone like stars, and for a little while the detective pushed that aside.

"You do all sorts of things here, I believe," he said at last.

The old creole left off work at the little bench and came over to his visitor.

"What do you?" he demanded.

"Just a little observation, you know. I'm interested in—in—well, curios."

"Ho! you spy, mebbe!"

In a manner, yes. I am a night prowler. And I know for things that I could not be nice to tell to the world at large."

"My secrets, eh?"

"Perhaps," said Nicholas Bragg. "You have them like other people."

"What one you find out?"

"I would like to ask what you charge to remove, say, a tattoo mark? It's owing to the wealth of the patient, I suppose?"

The little eyes seemed to retreat into the depths of their cavernous sockets and then came out the next moment like the bulging orbs of a striking serpent.

"Take that chair," commanded Paduoche. "Since you've come to talk I must listen from this side of the room."

Unsuspectingly Bragg took the armchair designated and sank into its yielding depths.

"Now what you want to know?" proceeded the old man.

"Let me see. Yes, I was asking what you charge for removing birth or tattoo marks, say, if the young lady is rich or has a rich beau who can pay?"

The face of the old man seemed to shoot forward like the head of an adder, and to the detective it looked for all the world like the head of that reptile.

"Why you come to know?"

"A matter of curiosity and be'ness," said Bragg, becoming a little bolder.

"What you pay to know?"

"Oh, I don't care to part with much of my cash. I see you don't care to enlighten me."

Old Paduoche drew back.

"Who was she?" he asked. "Do you know?"

"What if I do?"

"Tell me. She was a beauty and would have to be veiled and she got to be a princess."

"She did, eh? Well, she could, seeing that she has a banker not to be despised."

"Her mother?"

"Blest if I know" and for just a moment the name of Mrs. Deland trembled on the detective's lips. "But she can pay just the same."

The face of old Paduoche went as white as such a face could go.

He drew back, looked at Bragg for a moment and then—

There was a sitting cry and a pair of flexible steel arms came from he knew not where and in a flash he was in the prisoner of the chair.

His arms were held as if in the grasp of a vise at the side of the chair, he was pressed toward the back and there he felt something sharp like the point of a stiletto.

He looked at the now grinning face of the old man. It had been transformed into the face of a veritable fiend, and looked for all the world like faces he had seen only in dreams and never in real life.

"Loosen the arms of your infernal chair!" he exclaimed. "I know too much to be kept beyond my time in this den."

"You know too much to go out of it."

The voice and the mien of the speaker were merciless.

"I am an officer of the law and my absence will be noted and they will look for me here."

"Ha!" was the sententious rejoinder.

"I have given out that I was coming to your den, and if I am not back within a certain time you will have other visitors

"If

A FATAL FLIRTATION

BY GRANVILLE OSBORNE

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CHAPTER III.

Tatters was quite himself again, and the wallflowers and primroses in the rectory garden had given place to pansies and lilies of the valley. Serge's first visit of bounty, which he paid with commendable propriety the morning after the accident, by no means proved his last. In fact he took to strolling down to the rectory almost every day, and the rector and Tatters, although his very good friends, seldom occupied much of his attention.

Pretty Rose Maple was picking great clusters of white and purple lilac one sunny May morning, when she heard the accustomed step on the gravel, and smiled, well pleased, under the shade of a very becoming garden hat.

"Good morning, Miss Maple," said the visitor. "I'm rather early, I'm afraid, but I'm off to Framton, and my aunt asked me to look in on the way and give you this note." He held it out as he spoke. "No, don't put it into your pocket, please. I want you to read it, and make sure of your answer."

Rose blushed a little as she obeyed, and then her dimples came into full play.

"Oh, how kind of Mrs. Talbot!" she exclaimed.

"Then you'll come?" asked Serge.

"I should love to come!" she replied. "But about staying the night——"

"Ah, that you must decide," interrupted. "Framton House is a good eight-miles drive, and there will probably be dancing after the theatricals——"

"Dancing!" breathed Rose in a tone of supreme delight. She laughed at her enthusiasm.

"Then that's settled," he said. "A married cousin of ours, Mrs. Davy, who is coming to us on a three-days' visit, will chaperon you. If Aunt Gertrude's rheumatism keeps her at home—as it is pretty sure to do," he added under his breath.

Rose held up her fragrant burden.

"Isn't it sweet?" she cried, but he was not looking at the flowers, and she knew it.

"There's something wanting in you," she said gravely, surveying him under her long lashes. "Ah, I know—come this way, sir. Are you pleased?" And she led him to a sheltered corner where the lilies of the valley were bravely upholding their white bells between the spatulated green leaves.

"You must pin it on for me!" he said, as she fashioned the delicate button-hole bouquet.

"Must Mr. Arklee!" She held out the boutonniere with a teasing little laugh, and Serge took it and smiled.

"Funny that I don't cannot wear it," he said, and taking out his pocketbook he placed the beautiful flowers between its leaves. "I shall keep it—and perhaps some day I may be able to wear it," he said.

Rose's cheeks crimsoned, for she read his meaning aright.

"Don't be so foolish!" she exclaimed. "Ah, here comes Uncle Robert! Only fancy, Uncle Rob, Mrs. Talbot has asked me to go with her to some private theatricals at Framton House!"

"If I am delighted, my dear!" responded the rector cordially. "It will be quite a pleasant little change for you—a return to the world again after your——"

"But here Rose silenced him with a look, and, though Serge did not observe this little by-play, he noticed that the girl grew suddenly rather silent and preoccupied.

"I know what is worrying her," he thought as he rode away. "Poor dear little child. She is thinking about her governess—but there will be smart enough, and all that kind of thing. As though any one would look at Rose Maple! Humph! I wonder if she cares for me, and if I shall ever be able to speak?"

Serge was entirely dependent upon his brother, and he sometimes realized rather keenly the peculiar difficulties of his position. His salary as an agent was considerably less than he might have commanded elsewhere, and his hands were tied to an almost unbearable extent; but he felt that, for the sake both of the name and of his brother, it was his duty to remain at his post.

"You must marry an heiress," Maurice had often said to his brother, and Serge had often replied—quite quickly—that he felt in love with Rose Maple. Then he knew that his deep-rooted love of the old ecclesiastal home was as nothing to that which he felt for this golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, who was the single business that occupied the little princess, and talked wisely with the rector about his parochial matters.

Serge did not hesitate for a moment. He made up his mind as he cantered over the moorland roads—quickly—that he had the first opportunity, and tell Rose that if she asked for him to wait he would do so. Indeed, at this point his day-dreams became so ecstatic that he was lifted completely out of his surroundings, and he laughed at her enthusiasm.

"Then that's settled," he said. "A married cousin of ours, Mrs. Davy, who is coming to us on a three-days' visit, will chaperon you. If Aunt Gertrude's rheumatism keeps her at home—as it is pretty sure to do," he added under his breath.

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"Don't be so foolish!" she exclaimed. "Ah,

Passage. The door of the sitting room stood half open.

Jennet, rendered desperate by the sound of a stifled giggle, entered noiselessly. The culprit was seated at the writing table in the low window; his curly head bowed over the contents of a huge portfolio and his hands busily at work.

"There—and there—and there!" he chuckled in accents of intense satisfaction.

Jennet crept up behind him unperceived, and glanced over his shoulder. Her worst fears were realized. The spiteful child had possessed himself of a lead pencil and was adding finishing touches of a highly original description to the sketches and portraits he had taken out of the portfolio. He showed neither remorse nor dismay when an avenging hand fell suddenly on his shoulder and the pencil was wrested from his grasp.

"Herbert!"

"It is a lovely paying-out!" said Bert coolly. "Get away, Miss Dare! I won't be interrupted! I helped Uncle Serge to put out this old book-thing yesterday. It was in the oak chest, and all dusty and mouldy. I was just invited to find some sketches he made nine years ago, to show Miss Heatherdon, because she came from those parts. I should think the silly old things were left on purpose, shouldn't you?"

He held out a sketch as he spoke, pointing with an effish laugh to his own admirable drawing perspective. Jennet took and for the moment her heart seemed to stop beating. It was undoubtedly a sketch of the moor farm; she knew every aspect of the place and its surroundings too well to doubt her identification.

"Let—me—see!" she faltered, pulling it away from the child's grasp.

"Won't he be cross!" laughed Bert, relieved that his misdoings had been taken out of his hands. "Uncle Serge! Such a row he would have shown them to me, and told me which were—but I'll tell you. You would have been funniest, only you interrupted me. I was just going to give this lady a mustache."

Jennet, bending over the table, uttered a sudden cry, looking with horror at the duplicate of the half-finished sketch which Mrs. Scott had found in her garden on Easter Sunday. It was the finished duplicate, for, despite the unconventional pose of the original, she had not succeeded to catch the indefinable charm of poor Emmeline's darling sister, without losing the effect that rendered it so marvellously true to life. The sketch was carefully mounted, and in the corner she read the initials "H. D."

Jennet did not know how long she stood gazing at the sweet familiar face, but each moment her certainty grew stronger, and the bewildering sense of unreality somewhat deprived her of self-control. Presently, however, she heard Bert speaking.

"What is the matter?" cried the child. "Are you ill? I thought you weren't angry?"

"I am very angry indeed," said Jennet. "Put the sketches back into the portfolio—and go straight up to bed."

Some one had entered the room as Bert spoke, and the instinct of self-preservation enabled the governess to recover herself and look at the situation from her pupil's point of view. She realized that the footmen escorting a workman about to do some slight repairs to the wainscoting in Jennet's one instinct was to escape. She dared not carry away Em's portrait, nor even the sketch of the moor farm, without drawing every movement, and Bert was staring at her defiantly.

"I will come back," she thought, and she herself replaced the sketches and hurried the culprit away.

But when, after the lapse of fleeply half an hour, she stole down to the passage again, it was only to come face to face with Mrs. Mellor.

Dropped your handkerchief, miss; I will go in and look for it. My word, but Master Herbert is a handful! Never you woman's comment; but Jennet fancied she detected suspicion.

"There's no handkerchief there," said the housekeeper when she reappeared and closed the door behind her. "Master Herbert pressed and by no means over-pleased, to find the governess following her through the swing-door to her own room."

Jennet was desperate. She felt that she must put the question which had been on the tip of her tongue ever since her first meeting with Mrs. Mellor.

"How cosy you are here, Mrs. Mellor!" she said, looking around the little apartment. "I suppose the curtains were brought into your bedroom?"

"Indeed, miss," replied the housekeeper shortly. "You will excuse me, I'm sure, but I am very busy."

"I won't keep you a moment," said Jennet. She turned to retreat, and then glanced over her shoulder, said with apparent carelessness. "By the way, Master Bert said that those sketches were done by his uncle, and yet I noticed that they all bore the initials 'H. D.' I thought he must be mistaken, for they are really very beautifully done——"

Mrs. Mellor's face cleared. Her unwelcome visitor was almost outside the door by this time, and she had no wish to be absorbed into discussions.

"Master Bert was quite right, miss," she said. "Old Sir Maurice—yes, Sir Ronald until he came unexpectedly into the baronetcy and estate shortly before his death—always signed his name in that manner, the family took the old name, for there have always been children of that name. Mr. Donald was a clergyman, and his sons were young men at Oxford. It was a great blessing for them all. Mr. Maurice married as soon as he succeeded to the title, and Mr. Serge——"

Mrs. Mellor broke off here, evidently feeling that she had said enough, and Jennet went away without asking any more questions. She had been more successful than she had dared to hope; a little patience, and the man whom she looked upon as her sister's murderer would surely be in her power.

Serge occupied a suite of rooms on the ground floor, all of which, though connected with each other, opened out into the Oak

CHAPTER IV.

"She is very pretty—a great deal too pretty—and such good style, too!" thought Mrs. Davy, a trifle discontentedly, as she surveyed her two charges in the drawing room previous to their departure for Framton.

Gladys Heatherton was looking very handsome in a marvellous "creation" of sea-green chiffon and silk which set off her dark beauty to perfection, but Rose's charm lay in her extreme simplicity. To the initiated it was nevertheless evident that her soft white silk was every whit as well cut and as expensive as the older girl's more imposing toilet. She wore a cluster of superb crimson roses in the lace of her corsage, and carried a similar bouquet, both of which had been supplied by Serge. Rose had told herself that she did not want to take his flowers, but when it came to the point she could not resist them.

She had stood before her glass some minutes before going down to the drawing room clasping something bright and sparkling about her slender neck, but apparently second thought proved best, for when she joined the rest of the party she was simplicity itself, and did credit to her taste.

Sir Maurice, who had insisted upon remaining in the drawing room until the departure of his guests, could scarcely take his eyes from her fair face and graceful figure, and Gladys evidently felt herself eclipsed.

"You are wearing my flowers!" whispered Serge. Some little demon of mischief must have prompted the girl's reply.

"You're flowers? Why, I thought they were—I fancied they came from—"

"From whom?" he asked gloomily.

"Sir Maurice, of course. The initials on the card were—but, after all, what does it signify?" I only wore them because they look rather well with this dress—at least, so Mrs. Talbot's maid assured me. I wonder how it feels to have a maid of one's own?"

Miss Heatherton overheard this last remark, and smiled contemptuously.

"It is clearly a case of a 'fairy godmother'!" she told her chaperon.

"Of course, that gown comes from some wealthy relation—yousesshe has no jewelry, not even a ring. She must feel uncomfortably like Cinderella tonight, poor little thing! It will be amusing to watch her at Framton."

"Cinderella—and the prince," murmured Mrs. Davy. She was taking mental notes of the hurried conversation between Rose and Serge. She could not hear what they said, but something in her nephew's manner alarmed her for the success of her project.

It was a long drive to Framton, and Rose enjoyed it even less than she had expected, for Gladys was sulky and Mrs. Davy unusually silent. Serge himself drove over in the dog-cart, but he was delayed on the way, and did not arrive until after the theatricals, that were the great feature of the evening, were half over.

Framton Court was one of the "show places" of the county—the seat of the Duke of Crispin. No one who belonged to "those parts" could boast any great familiarity with the house or its inmates, for the Duke and Duchess rarely honored it with their presence for many weeks at a time, but they had been so carried away by the success of some amateur theatricals performed in London for the benefit of a well known charity that they had brought down the performers en masse to repeat their performance for the edification of the county at large.

"I suppose everybody will be there," observed Mrs. Davy, as their carriage fell into line on reaching its destination and made one of a long string of vehicles crawling slowly along the last half mile or so of the approach.

"I am very angry!" said Jennet.

"All the world and his wife," rejoined Gladys, brightening. "It will be good fun. I hope some of your own set will be there, but most people saw it at Cowdry House last month. Charlie Dowson went. He says the Duchess—Marion,' you know—is a perfect stick, but she would take the part——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose involuntarily, and checked herself suddenly. But her companions did not notice her.

"I'm glad to have the chance of seeing it here," admitted Mrs. Davy frankly. "No one need know that I was not at Cowdry House, and it is so stupid not to be able to talk about it! We don't know the Crispins, and—ah, at last! Dear me, what a blaze!"

The carriage drew up at the foot of a carpeted steps, and Rose followed hurriedly in her companions' wake. She was even more amused and entertained than she expected to be, and when they took their very modest places half-way down a great hall she looked about her so diligently that Gladys remarked patronisingly:

"I suppose you have never seen anything like this before?"

"I am looking to see if I can find any one I know," replied Rose, well aware of the subdued smile on her companion's face.

"Any one she knows, indeed! Good gracious!" murmured Miss Heatherton in soto voce.

The theatricals came to a triumphant end, and the dancing began. The crowd was so great that some time elapsed before Serge could find his own party, but at last he caught a glimpse of Gladys' dark, stately self. She was standing in a corner beside her chaperon, looking distinctly cross.

"At last, Serge!" exclaimed Mrs. Davy reproachfully. "We were beginning to feel quite deserted, and——"

"Where is Rose—Miss Maple?" he interrupted.

"Miss Maple is dancing," replied his cousin stiffly. "With a friend of hers, I suppose, but I didn't quite catch the name, though I seemed to know his face."

Serge frowned the crowd vainly, and his face grew dark, though he farned with ready courtesy and begged Gladys to excuse his tardy arrival and give him what was left of the waltz.

As soon as it was over he took her back and went off on a tour of investigation. It was some time before his exertions were rewarded by a glimpse of spreading white silken skirts and dark crimson roses in close proximity to their vis-a-vis—a tall good looking young fellow. They were standing in a corner of one of the conservatories—a corner designed and fitted up for flirtation—and it was obvious that they had set out the whole of the preceding dance together.

Serge's approach was hindered by another couple, and as he drew back to let them pass he caught Rose's low-toned murmur:

"So now you understand, and you'll keep my secret, won't you?"

"To the death!" replied the young fellow promptly, showing his white teeth in a hearty laugh. "By Jove, Miss Rose, but it's the biggest joke I have heard for a long time!"

"I believe this is our dance, Miss Maple!" "Oh!" exclaimed Rose, looking up nervously. "I—I thought you were not coming, and I met an old friend. Lord Edward Keller—Mr. Arkle."

The men exchanged ceremonious bows, and then Lord Edward, still smiling, resigned his partner and walked away.

Serge asked for no explanation, and none was vouchsafed him. The pair went through their dance without exchanging an unnecessary syllable, and then Arkle took his partner back to his cousin. The evening was spoiled for them both, and Mrs. Davy was surprised to find Rose quite ready

(Continued on page seven.)

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It is easier to be a dictitious hero than the real thing.

Be careful; that's the next best thing to being good.

To begin a college course is usually a hasty undertaking.

Beware of the smiling stocks lying around on the ground floor.

A kiss on the cheek may not be as cheeky as a kiss on the lips.

Work is a great institution—when we can induce others to do it.

Some men consider not getting caught a better policy than honesty.

Does the proprietor of a running factory sometimes say: "I can not."

Few photographers would care to take people for what they are worth.

Wise is the man who realizes that it is better to forgive than to be licked.

Money makes the mare go—but she doesn't always travel in the right direction.

Nothing short of a full-grown earthquake could jolt a political grafter loose from his job.

There is apt to be a rattling old time when the family skeleton escapes from its closet.

Perhaps the new woman is a failure because there is no new man to play second fiddle.

It isn't difficult to form a fairly good idea of what people think of you by what they say of others.

People applaud the villain on the stage for things they would have him arrested for doing in real life.

Once in a great while we meet a woman who is an proud of her husband as she is of her husband's wife.

Putting up the price of its product contributes to be the favorite recreation of the hundred Oil Companys.

Paris is in danger if a bread famine. Nothing could be more dreadful to a Parisian except a wine famine.

You may have observed that a girl never refuses an opportunity to rush up and kiss another girl if a certain young man happens to be looking.

Still, a modest man might not care to be Roosevelt's immediate successor in the White House for fear the public would notice the difference.

That Pittsburg millionaire who committed suicide in an opera box furnishes further evidence that missionaries ought to be hurried to darkest Pennsylvania.

Now that the United States Government is busy sampling different kinds of whisky, strictly in the line of its duty, a few varieties on its part will be fully accounted for.

The Unwritten Law.

(Continued from page three.

All this passed through Weston's brain with the rapidity of lightning. He could think fast, indeed his brain seemed abnormally active and not only the present but the past, his own past, came back to him with absorbing power.

What would Kitty do if he were slain by the hands of the Puma League? He had promised her that she could look to him for a avenging of Kendall Gray, but now she dared not think of the present. He could only curse his ill-luck and wonder, even while he was being carried off, what would be the doom of the victim of the Black Puma.

Seconds seemed hours to Weston.

After awhile he came to himself where it was dark, as dark as the tombs of Egypt.

He was lying on a bare floor that was cold and rough. The senses were little better than flags and he drew back as his searching hands met with a strange ooze that chilled him to the bones.

Was he to become the victim of the puma-jaguar? Those were not words in this time. He would never see the sunlight upon the ocean waves, hear the voice of Kendall Gray's love, a voice which he had learned to like.

Weston was one and circumnavigated his prison. It was not large, a circular place with walls of stone, as far up as he could reach, and not a ray of light came to show him how deep he was in the black bowels of the earth.

He listened for any sound that might penetrate his subterranean home and tell him where he was. He listened at the wall and held his breath in his eagerness, but the walls seemed to be one piece or he was so far beneath the surface that no sound could reach him from the outer world.

Weston desisted at last. There was no use in his strength in a vain endeavor to sound the height of his prison, therefore no use in his subjecting his nerves and he had found and threw himself upon it.

He dropped at last into a deep slumber, which Weston knew lasted a long time, for when he woke he rubbed his eyes and looked up to see the light of day upon his head and showered its power upon him and his cell.

The ceiling of the prison he could not make out, it seemed so far above him.

The light appeared to emanate from a lantern that had no perceptible movement but seemed simply suspended in the air. He looked at it for some time and tried to calculate how it had been placed there.

Weston called out: "Help! help! Puma," he thought. "I am the doomed victim of the tiger-cat and no help in particular is without mercy, and the ends of justice will be defeated at home."

The thought saddened Weston. He saw himself a rotten mass in the unknown and the grief of Kitty and the proud head of the Othello Gardens feted and smiled upon in the city of his birth.

This thought nearly drove him mad. He gazed up at the light and ground his teeth in his agony. He was to perish in the dark without mercy, and the ends of justice will be defeated at home.

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Did La Death know of the workings of the dread League headed by Manuel Campo and had he caused search to be made to see what might have become of him and set about to learn his fate?

These were mere speculations. They gave Weston hope for a moment, but it fled almost as soon as it came and he fell back against the wall again and stared at the light that mocked his despair.

Hours passed. Hunger took possession of him and he grew thirsty, cooped up in that eternity of a cell. The time he had wished at him and mocked his despair.

But at once Weston's eyes detected something at one side of the light.

At first he could not make it out for it seemed to be a part of the wall, but the longer he looked the more satisfied he became that it was a mistake.

The object was not large. It seemed no bigger than a hand, and as it moved to and fro slowly he wondered what it was.

Just then the object moved. It shifted a little to the right, not rapidly, and then back again.

In another moment it seemed to have dropped lower, and all at once Weston understood that it was a serpent and gave a heart chilled by an unknown terror.

Ah, he knew what the object was now. There was no mistaking the disgusting bend and the beady eyes that glittered in the light of the head of the deadly terror of the Brazilian forest. It was the king serpent, that deadly reptile that can crush out human life by the mere contracting of its enormous folds.

Weston was fascinated by the movements of the serpent as it lowered itself through the opening. It made no noise. It came down with the certainty of doom, and the young American, riveted as it were to the spot, could only look up and calculate as his brain whirled, how long it would take the snake to get through and drop at his feet.

And he was unarmed. His foes had not sent him to the cell of death with any weapon at his command.

He had fought a duel with him in his battle with the pumas, but now even that consolation had been removed and he was helpless and at the mercy of the cruel monster that inhabits the tropics.

Slowly and with exasperating slowness the snake lowered itself.

The light revealed the glittering scales, and Weston saw that they shone like little plates of burnished armor. But there was death in that beauty, death in the folds that looked so dazzling, death not in the teeth of the reptile, but in its embrace.

The young American stepped to the further side of the cell and continued to look upward.

Slowly the body of the huge serpent dropped lower and lower.

The eyes glittered more, the scales seemed to become iridescent and the ugly head sugayed from side to side as if seeking out its victim.

And Quincy Weston, like a rat in a trap, waited for his end.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEAUTY TO THE RESCUE.

There was one thing Weston did not know, one thing he did not see.

He did not know that when he left Kitty's apartments he had a glaring figure at his heels, had he looked back, which he did not, he might not have seen this specter which had a tread as noiseless as that of the puma, and which kept in the deeper shadows lest Weston should single it out.

The spy at the young American's heels was La Death, or the Reptile of the Amazon, as she most loved to call herself.

She was aware that the young man was overpowered by the embracing arms in the shadow of the building, but she did not deign to offer assistance.

La Death followed Weston's captors till the wagon, with their prisoner in it, drove which she knew too well. She kept afoot and watched them from a distance and all this disappeared.

Time came when the girl came back to this house. Weston was not there, for she knew all the intricacies of the South American city and nothing could lose her within its gates.

La Death effected an entrance into the house and made secret in themselves and which she knew so well how to employ, but Weston had been gone some time before.

La Death found it silent and dark. But this did not deter her as she went from room to room, hitting a fire in the middle of a floor, peered about with her lantern.

What had brought La Death to this house unless she was determined to save Weston from the fangs of the death of the Puma?

For a little time she looked around her and then ventured across the chamber.

It was a large room and as she stood up she advanced she caught the glimmer of a half-hidden light, and this revealed something that caused her to start back.

Almost at the same moment the girl's feet came in contact with something on the floor and she uttered a little cry which she could not keep back. It was something that she had stumbled over, hitting a fine

pleasantries. The Arratian said suddenly: "By the way, what has become of your friend La Death?"

Kitty did not start.

"She has not called of late. It is possible that she has gone back to Arratao."

Arratao was a little inland town where La Death was born, and her heart still clung to it with all the love of her young years.

"Did she mention that she might go thither?"

"She spoke very sweetly about it when last here."

Kitty felt that the man was looking her through, that his keen eyes were fastened upon her with all the curiosity and suspicion they were capable of harboring.

"You know that La Death's health is not good," continued the American girl.

"She has been that way from a child, but she is as supple as a young puma."

"Yet—"

"A truce to this!" broke in the officer. "You are in league with this native girl. You know where she is."

Kitty drew off a glove and looked straight into the dark eyes of the man before her.

"You must have some regard for the word of a woman," she began, when the hand of Colonel Campo came up commanding silence.

"For the word of some women I have the greatest regard, but when they stoop to deception and lying—"

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She turned away from him with a sneer and her American blood became a lava current in her veins.

"You are one of those creatures who deserve no regard from the opposite sex!" he hissed, as he crossed the room and stood over her, fire in the depths of his eyes and the latent passions of his heart aroused. "You are playing with me. You are in league with this girl from Arratao; you are helping her baffle me—"

"And pray what are you about that my friendship for this poor girl should baffle your designs?"

Kitty had steeled and was looking the man squarely in the face, not a sign of fear in her eyes and her mien as calm as the ripples in the sunlight on the bay.

"You know," cried Colonel Campo. "You have shielded this girl. You are now keeping the secret of her hiding place and you will not let us take vengeance for her treachery."

"And what is La Death's treachery, pray?"

He hesitated, that man in the presence of the slight girl who faced him in the soft light of the little room.

"What has she done that she must be hunted down like a wild beast?"

"Enough! You cannot understand—"

"You mean that I cannot understand the vengeance of the Black Puma? Is that it, Colonel Campo?"

He grasped a little over Kitty's coolness, and let his gaze drop to the floor, but in an instant his eyes were lifted to her again. There was a dangerous green in their depths.

"See here, senorita," he said and his voice was low but baleful. "You are in a strange land. You are here because of the part you had you remain that he might make love to you. This is neither—"

"It is false! It is as false as lie as the heart that coins it. Kendall Gray never thought of it; inducing women—his heart was as pure as a child's. And the creature in the Indian camp who encompassed his death with her lies—and you will not give her—knew in her heart when the weapon spoke that it was not the hand that sent man."

The smile that came to Colonel Campo's lips was an insult to the girl who stood before him.

"We are not here to argue the character of the dead, though the opinion of his people is that he received his death. We are here to find the girl from Arratao. You know where she is—Kitty—"

"If I knew do you think for a moment that I would betray her?" interrupted Kitty. "Think you that I would betray La Death into the hands of the Black Puma? You must be the fool you have made me think your infamous order and you shall not find her through me."

She was calmly uttered and Kitty felt all her courage and strength at her command.

"You will not tell? You will brave the vengeance of the Black Puma?"

"Yes. I will not betray La Death."

Manuel Campo whirled on his heel and spoke not again till he had reached the door. There he paused and looked daggers at the girl who stood in the middle of the room.

"When you feel the fangs of the puma at your throat remember—"

"Not even then will I beg for mercy at your hands!"

He laughed and went down the stairs, and Kitty Burton, listening to his frenzied footsteps, heard the door open. Then it was caught a glimpse of his figure as it crossed the plaza.

She stood for a few moment alone in the little room and then sank into a chair.

"Betray the woman who saved the life of her life, saved Quincy Weston?" she said aloud. "Never! Kendall Gray, the pride of Rio, reclosed without his host. When he hasted forward to welcome her she is out again, we will confront the Black Puma and not its power shall stay the hand of justice at home. Colonel Campo, Knight of Knight; they may slay him by the hand of the traitress, but the blood will not stay the hand of retribution shall pay its part."

She ceased and went to the window, looking out over the plaza and the bay, the air laden with the myriad perfumes of the tropic capital came caressingly to her cheek.

Ah, if she could have annihilated space and looked across the ocean's wide expanse her heart for a moment would have called her, and she might have laughed at what fate would have called a tragedy of the day.

But Kitty Burton was sure of one thing that vengeance at last overtakes the guilty.

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A Fatal Flirtation.

(Continued from page four.)

to leave at what mean people would have considered an unconscionably early hour.

"I am so sorry, dear," said the chaperon apologetically. But poor Gladys has given her foot the slightest possible twist, and but it ought to be seen to as soon as possible. And of course it would be hard for her to be able to dance. But it is very hard lines on you, for I suppose this sort of thing doesn't come in your way very often."

"Indeed, I am ready to go! I—I have a headache," faltered Rose.

Gladys went to the carriage leaning on Sergo's arm. He was so concerned to hear of her sprain, and so anxious to see her settled comfortably for the long drive, that she at least did not grudge the abrupt termination of the evening's enjoyment.

Sergo had sent back the dog-cart, and was taking the footman's place on the box. He had vague suspicions as to Thomson's ability to resist the hospitality of the ducal servants' hall, for the man, though an old servant, had a rather exuberant, and had the all-too-common failing of his kind. However, tonight the man was perfectly sober, and Sergo could give himself up to the enjoyment of his cigar and his thoughts, which had a tendency to concentrate themselves upon that scene in the conservatory.

The trio inside the carriage were equally silent. Mrs. Davy was asleep, and Gladys seemed inclined to follow her example, but Rose sat bolt upright, gazing with grave, unseeing eyes into the midsummer darkness. Sometimes she smiled, and sometimes she sighed, but on the whole the cloud that had risen between Sergo and herself did not trouble her very seriously. She no longer fancied him in love with Miss Heatherton and she meant to explain her interview with Lord Edward at the first opportunity.

She could tell him everything—everything," she repeated over and over again. "And then he will ask him if he—" but at this point her thoughts grew misty and confused, and her head fell gently back against the cushions.

They seemed to have been moving on forever between the high hedges of the twisting country lanes, and the rumble of the wheels was mingling harmoniously with Mrs. Davy's heavy breathing, when a startling interruption occurred.

Suddenly, without the previous warning, those on the box heard the rumble of an approaching traction engine, and almost before Thomson could realize what it was, the unwieldy thing loomed full upon them from behind the shelter of a dense cloud of smoke and glowing furnace. The curve was so sharp and the lane so narrow that, even had the driver been master to four, a catastrophe was almost inevitable. Sergo had time to realize the danger, to turn to their heads; they plunged wildly backward, there was a loud sound, and finally precipitated the carriage into a ditch, leaving it and pursuing in a fresh access of terror at the confusion that followed.

By this time the engine had been brought to a standstill, and the attendants came running up to the scene of the accident. It was a work of considerable peril to extricate the ladies from their uncomfortable position, and their shrieks of terror added to the confusion.

"For Heaven's sake, be quiet!" cried Sergo, as he dragged Gladys through the window and she sank upon the ground, helplessly. "There, you're all right now!" he added, turning to the coachman, who was out of the way of the horses feet.

Mrs. Davy came out with broken glass had cut her forehead slightly, but she was otherwise unhurt. Rose did not wait to be lifted down, but sprang from the train over her arm and let herself down to the ground before Sergo had realized her intention.

"We are not hurt," she said quietly. "Can I do anything to help? I'm not a bit frightened."

One of the horses had injured itself in its struggles, but, strangely enough, the men were cutting the traces and trying to soothe the terrified companion.

"Keep them out of the way—if you can!" muttered Sergo, pointing towards Mrs. Davy and Gladys, who were trying to regather and crying hysterically.

It seemed hours before the injured horse was released and struggled to its feet, and the dazed and trembling and quite amenable. All the coachman was hurt, and a few minutes later they were led away by Thomson, who had gone down, a mile or more of a mile away, whither a messenger had been dispatched for assistance. It came at last, in the shape of a dog-cart and cutter in a gig, in which the former Thomson and the ladies took their places to the Hall, a distance of about a mile and a half.

"Sorry I can't take them all, sir," he said, "but we came off in a hurry without the harness, and I'm afraid I can't ride on someone in two saddle of me!"

"I will walk," answered Mrs. Davy, but she was still so unnerved that the proposition was promptly negatived, and Gladys and Rose left the lane to the painful task of the coach scarcely rest it on the ground.

"Then I will walk, Maude," said Sergo. "You can manage to walk?" he asked, turning to the girl.

"Yes," she said, and she replied demurely, and as there seemed no other possible solution to the difficulty Mrs. Davy was obliged to acquiesce.

The gig clattered away and was lost in the darkness and Thomson began to follow in its wake. Rose instantly became conscious that Sergo had drawn her slipper. She limped bravely along for a little distance, but a stumble betrayed her, and Sergo made a quick move.

"It is too bad," he said with real vexation. "Your ankle will be cut to pieces and your pretty gown—"

"Did you really think it pretty?" she interrupted.

"Of course I did! There was no one to compare with you!" he said, and then stumbling so awkwardly over his compliment that she longed to burst out laughing.

"I—I fancied—" She stopped.

"Yes?"

"I fancied somehow that you didn't admire—the gown, and that you were vexed with me. It was very kind of you because of you to be vexed, because—because—"

"Yours?"

Sergo had told himself that he must be very discreet. An explanation he would have, sooner or later, but it would be cowardly to take advantage of her present position. Rose, apparently had no such scruples, she wanted to make her peace as soon as possible, and she knew that it behooved her to hold out the olive branch.

But when her companion's fingers tightened on her arm she was just a little frightened. Suppose he thought—immediately—I suppose he had never noticed—or that she had imagined—Poor Rose had time for something very like a panic before he bent down and whispered:

"Rose!"

"Well?" she asked presently.

"You know I was vexed? You guessed—"

"I knew you were jealous," said Rose calmly. "So did Lord Edward, I presume. Poor Lord Edward! He had been married a year, and his wife is my greatest friend."

Sergo received this statement in silence.

"I have no right to be jealous," he said at last. "But you know my secret, Rose, don't you?"

"They say you are going to marry Miss Heatherton," observed Rose. Whereupon Sergo began to try to convince her of the absurdity of such an idea.

"Why, I have only known her four days!" he exclaimed.

"How long did it take you to fall in love with me?" she demanded.

"Four minutes—four seconds! It was love at first sight—and you know it!" protested Sergo. "But even had I never seen you—which Heaven forbid—I should never have fallen in love with Miss Heatherton, or, if I had done so, I should never have asked her to be my wife."

"Why not?" demanded Rose. But the answer, although not quite unexpected, made her start and shrink back.

"Miss Heatherton is an heiress," he replied, "and I am a poor man."

"Well, what has that to do with it? Lots of men, and women, marry for money. Your worldly estate; so my love is more than worth your poverty, sir!"

"Why, Rose! Sweetheart! What is the matter?" exclaimed Sergo, conscious that he had said something wrong.

"Nothing, nothing!" she replied, struggling with her tears.

"You are so tired, my darling!" he said tenderly. "But, courage—we are nearly home."

"Take me back to the rectory!" she entreated. "But he should find me—"

"Impossible, dear! It would be half a mile there, and imagine the rector's dismay at being awakened between two and three in the morning!"

"I—I was going to get light already," said Rose. "Ah, do take me home—please, Sergo!" She spoke the name with a shudder and a sudden that her companion did not could not see. "You may come down and have a long talk to Hilda and me. We will explain—"

Rose broke off, laughing nervously, and, much against his own wish, Sergo decided to be her request.

The dawn was breaking as the hector clad in a shabby old dressing gown, opened the front door to see his niece and her attendant squire.

"Probably a case of booze," said Sergo, as he finished his hasty explanation. "I don't know what they will say to me when I appear in my present state."

"Oh, they will survive it!" said Rose, who looked wonderfully fresh and pretty in the gray twilight. "Here are the keys of her uncle's unclaimed treasure-house, Sergo. Please take them and be turned away, and bade him stop.

"Probably I shall see you later," he said breathlessly. "Promise you'll tell them all I've gone—gone!" and Mrs. Talbot—any one you like—about our happy engagement, and you come here tomorrow morning! I want them all to congratulate me today—and I'll tell you why. Now promise me, Sergo!" He would have promised almost anything could he have kept her there, but she broke away.

"Of course, darling, if you wish it!" he said.

"Don't think me bold," she whispered, crimsoning perceptibly. "Make allowances tonight—you you will understand tomorrow."

"Come in, Rose—come in!" cried her uncle.

"Yes, go," said Sergo, still holding her hands, and then, stooping down, he kissed her upturned face, and whispered, "Good-by, my sweetheart!"

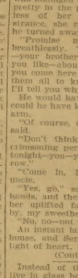
"Good-by, good-by!" cried Rose.

An instant later she disappeared into the house and Sergo strode away, weary but light of heart.

(Continued next week.)

Instead of throwing stones people who live in glass houses should grow violets at a dollar a bunch.

BAD HEALTH and often DEATH is due to FALSE TEETH.



SERGO'S sweetheart was false teeth and only 25 of them. Her mother, DYSPEPSIA, her father, INDIGESTION, her brother, CONSTIPATION, her sister, PILES. THEY LIVED IN OLD AGE AND HAD TO BE SUPPORTED by Father Teeth. Invite them to your home and they will stay forever. Don't be deceived by imitations. Remember the Le Retueer is the only one that has the unequaled antiseptic, Eucalyptol, which destroys all germs of decay. Le Retueer Teeth are made from the finest Para rubber, pressed, vulcanized and hardened by the Le Retueer process. Le Retueer Teeth are guaranteed for 100 years. Write today for free booklet telling how to save money on dentists' bills. Address Le Retueer Chemical Co., Toronto, Canada.

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These ingredients are harmless and can be obtained from any good pharmacy here at nominal cost.

This mixture is said to be a splendid Spring Tonic and Blood Cleanser, because of its gentle, though prompt, action in forcing the kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and cast out in the urine all acids, waste and micro-organisms which cause pimples, boils and eruptions and which often ruin a good complexion.

Now is the time to take it.

He Never Smiled Again.

"Really, Miss Primm, you ought to get married," remarked Weddeyr. "You'll soon be in the spinster class if you don't hurry up and catch on."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Mr. Weddeyr," replied Miss Primm. "If I were as easy to please as your wife I would have been married long ago."

JOKES AND

An Inquiring Mind.

Bangs—From the West, eh?

"Yes, sir; from Chicago."

Bangs—Ah! Indeed! I spent several months in Chicago. Been there long?

"Yes, sir. I am a member of the City Council."

Bangs—You don't say so? What street is your saloon on?

Meant the Same Thing.

"He called me an artistic liar."

"Why, I didn't hear him use any such language."

"Well, he didn't put it in just those words, but he said I had the making of a successful diplomat in me."

His Last Words.

The detective was fond of enumerating the good points in human nature. "At any rate, women are truthful," he said solemnly. "I had that fact impressed on me recently when a woman's husband disappeared, and I was called in to try and find him.

"He had been missing three days when I arrived. Of course, I first of all questioned his wife. The first thing I asked was:

"'What were the last words your husband said to you before he disappeared?'

"She blushed deeply as she answered truthfully:

"'His very last words were, "Oh, for goodness' sake, shut up!"'"

Stage Fever.

A young matron, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse.

"He's mad, mum," explained the nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to the Simmonses', across the strate."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Norah?"

"Because, mum, they're havin' charades, so he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he'd had thim or not."

Ruined.

Aye, one time I was very rich;
I kept a racing stable;
The finest silver and cut glass
Adorned my rosewood table;
I had a large palatial yacht
With steam up at her dock;
It was my wife who ruined me.
She called: "It's six o'clock!"

Paste.

The description of a wedding printed in a local newspaper concluded with the announcement: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, together with many other beautiful articles in cut glass."

Plumage.

Mr. McGuzzler—How much did that ostrich feather cost you?

His Wife—About half as much as you spend for cocktails in one week.

Nena—He said he would die for me, Gerte—He must be dead easy.

Safe at Home Now.

Little Fred's father had been away for several days, and every night he added a special appeal in his behalf to his prayer.

"Bless papa and take care of him while he is away," he added one night as usual, when he suddenly raised his head and listened. "Never mind about him now, Lord," concluded the little fellow, "I hear him downstairs."

"Wot did yer give fer de dog?"

"Nuthin'."

"Den you got stuck."

Taking N Chances.

In the Fifth avenue Sunday school:

Teacher—Why must we always be kind to the poor, Ethel?

Ethel (slightly mixed)—Because among the sundry and manifold changes of this wicked world we don't know how soon they may become rich.

Silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but it's little worn.

Hold-Up Man—So you do not think I am a common, ordinary robber?

Victim—No; you're too smooth in your manner. I think that you must at some time in your life have been a head waiter.

Queered.

Jack—Give me a kiss.

Eva—And what reason have you for wishing to kiss me?

Jack (embarrassed)—I had a reason, but I—er—have lost it.

Eva—Then you'd better go. I couldn't think of kissing a man who had lost his reason.

Dolly—I am sure he has loved before.

Tom—Does he deny it?

Dolly—No; he doesn't mention love at all; that's why I think he has had previous experience.

The Difference.

The Tarpon—I wouldn't let anybody walk over me.

The Whitefish—You would if you were North during the winter, with twelve inches of ice on the surface.

None to Imitate.

Mother—Now, Karlie, I want you to be, have like a good little boy while in church.

Karlie—I can't. I don't know any good little boy!

Principally!

Many a man's principles are sound, in fact, nothing but sound.

Envious Chorus Girl—There's another cabbage for you, Marie.

Soubrette—Is that what you cauliflower?

AGENTS WANTED

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AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put on. Free sample and full particulars. Address BUFFALO SIGN LETTER CO., 13 E. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

FISH BITE INSTANTER

All seasons. If you use INDIAN FISH BAIT you can't get fish bait ever invented. Full size box 50c, bulk quit scattered for silver. Write for terms. Agents wanted. Sample free to dealers. New Fish Story and Catalogue free. Address W. C. Andrews, Box 2, 1265, Muskegon, Ind. Terr.

Energetic Men Wanted

In every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences and along roads, also distributing small advertising matter; commission or salary $18 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address W. H. H. WARNER MEDICINE CO., London, Canada

$61.50 WEEKLY INTRODUCING AND SELLING

THE GENUINE "NEW RELIABLE" BURNER

Brought to Perfection after Twenty Years' Study. For years. Fast seller, no rent. No one can resist. Enormous commissions. SAMPLES FREE. Exclusive territory. No branches allowed. Address LUTHER MFG. CO. Dept. 19 Cincinnati, O.

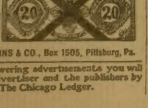
LADY CANVASSERS WANTED FOR—

Mdm. McCabe

UNBREAKABLE SIDE and EXPANDING BACK CORSETS.

WELL known, easily sold. Active intelligent ladies can make from $25.00 to $40.00 per week. Many of our agents make more. Exclusive territory given. Address ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!



An interesting and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary bill book. Sent postpaid for 25c.

AGENTS WANTED.

W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

When answering advertisements you will ever take advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

JOLLITY

A Chance to be Kicked.

"Hang it!" growled young Lovett to the girl of his heart, "it makes me mad every time I think of that $10 I lost today. I certainly feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me."

"By the way, Jack," said the dear girl dreamily, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?"

A Dainty Little Maid

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Fast Clocks

"Did you say that John D. Rockefeller's income is two dollars every time the clock ticks?"

"Yes," answered the freak mathematician.

"I can't believe it. If it were true, the Standard Oil Company would have a clock trust, with every timepiece in the country running fast."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Tonic removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

"That trust magnate runs through a lot of money in the course of a year."

"Swims through it, you mean; it's mostly water."

Dead Fly Spoke.

A wrong note had occurred in the orchestra several times. The conductor in despair commenced an examination of the music of the respective instruments. On looking at the first violin copy he spied a dead fly on the music.

"You idiot!" he roared to the French violinist, "can't you see that is a fly on your music?"

"No matter," retorted the Frenchman, "he was dead, I played him."—Life.

Every Lady Read This.

Yours age when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

Clever Girl.

Miss Budd—I'm engaged to Mr. Meeker.

Miss Knox—Now, I am surprised. I thought he was so bashful that only an experienced widow would ever capture him.

A woman always expects you to remember her birthday, but she also expects you to forget her age.

Did His Best.

"Aren't you ashamed to be caught stealing a horse?" asked the stern judge of the prostrate prisoner.

"I am, your honor; but, believe me, I watched around for several days and couldn't find a single automobile that wasn't watched."

All the Discomforts of Home.

He—So Belle and Tom are not going on a wedding trip, after all?

She—No; you see, the flat they've taken is so near the size of a Pullman car that they decided they could be just as comfortable without the extra bother of riding in one.

"Does your wife miss you when you are away?"

"She misses me when I am at home."

"What do you mean?"

"She can't throw a cup straight."

Credit of Profession.

"Here!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him; "you told me you had read this work on Evidence and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X-rays," yawned the versatile son; and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.

Only One Change.

My lady love is perfect quite;
Her hair is brown, her eyes the same,
Her disposition's sweet and bright;
There's naught I'd change—except her name

Happy Days for Him.

"Why does Reggy insist on walking round in the cold? I should think he'd catch his death."

"You see this is the first time he has ever succeeded in getting icicles to form on that puny mustache of his, and it makes him so proud that he simply can't stand it inside."

Horse Versus Donkey.

Chelly—I say, I've—a—got a conundwum foh you. What is the—aw difference between me and a horse?

Dolly—The difference is probably in the length of your ears.

Colonel Kentuck—I saw the best combination today, sah, that I ever saw in my life.

Major Mash—And what was that, sah?

Colonel Kentuck—A combination corkscrew and pistol, sah.

AGENTS WANTED

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Worth Knowing!

Most spring medicines consist of herbs, a little alcohol and enough water to fill a big bottle. Cost almost like to manufacture. Generally costs you $1.00 a bottle. Botanic Blood Purifying Tea makes four bottles of spring medicine, made fine, gives better results than. Sold by druggists at 50 cents a package. Why pay more? It is the foundation of spring tonics. PURIFIES THE BLOOD and is a wonderful remedy for CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, and all those annoying Com. troubles of the LIVER AND KIDNEYS. YOU HAVE ABOUT TEN times better results. Your druggist can get it for you, or we will send it prepaid. For free illustrated booklet, Catalog of Universal Merchandise FREE, address LILLY BROTHERS, Drug Dept. S, 422 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

ANTI-FRECKLE CREAM. Sample free. Sam. cure. Agents wanted. F. F. Hanson, Hanson Bldg., Aurora, Ill.

AGENTS wanted to sell $1 box Native Herbs for 50c. Cures 40 Ills. H. C. MEDICAL CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing Powder. Send 2c stamp. A. W. RILEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Parts, formulas, Manufacturers, 108, Fairfield, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Write for Terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Box 2014, Morris, Ill.

MAN WANTED in each county to sell wire Fruit Trays on Salves. Price $2. Try it free. HENRY CROWSON, Palestine, Texas.

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELING EXPENses paid salesmen to sell goods to dealers. Permanent employment. Monarch Pub. Co., Chicago.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Premium Plan. Express Paid. Terms Free. Hebbard Agency, Box 202, Station F, New York.

SELL JEWELRY on time, to country merchants. Our new salesmen make $500 every month. Write for proposition to a few good men. Address H. HARTWIG, Sales Mgr., Box 67, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 25c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Pictures and Frames 1/2 Agents Outfit Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 1800-06 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Salary or commission. Full time. Steady work. Good pay. Permanent. Address MONGTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 418, DANVILLE, VA.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to introduce Mexican Remedies (or stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. Enclose reference. A. BARKS, Co., FLORENCE, Kansas.

AGENTS—both sexes—get busy! Our new Stereographs, Wedding Set, Jamaica Earthquake, etc., sell on sight. Big profit. Don't delay. Territory not assigned. Art Importing Co., 225 Osawka Bldg., Chicago Ill.

NEW RUBBERGRIP Kerosene Burner. Fits any lamp. Gives 300 candle power light. Sells for 25c. Throughout town's break to full size burner for 25c. Big sales. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Rubbergrip Burner Co., 16 C Park Place, New York.

$1.00 GIVEN We will send you 20 packages perfume, sell them at 10c. each, send us $1.50 and keep $1.00 for your trouble. Write your name. EL. SUDAN, DEPT. 2, HARLEY STREET, LONDON.

WANTED Lubricating Oil Agents, good, honest, reliable parties open to sell our high grade Lubricating Oils. Exclusive territory also. Horse, Hoof and Head Liniment, on the same. Address at once, Allen Tibbitt, Manager, The Reliable Oil and Paint Co., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS, $103.50 PER MONTH selling wonderful patented Rubber Specialties. Sample free. Write quick. Rubber Co., 1 Broadway, New York.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

DRAUGHTSMAN, FIREMEN, ELECTRIC MOTORMAN, PORTERS—Many other positions open. Write today and get a list. Inter. Railway Inst., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

$4 A DAY PROFIT

Selling specialties to dealers. Exclusive territory. Experience unnecessary. Required capital, $50. Expenses paid weekly. Write for particulars. The Barnett Iron Works Co., Dept. J, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fish Will Bite like hungry wolves if you use Magic Fish Lure. Greatest bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish every time you go fishing. Send today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents Wanted. C. F. Gregory, 2010 Oregon Av., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED QUICK FARMERS STAND 17 8 TOOLS IN ONE

Hammer Hatchet Screw Driver Staple Puller Nail Claw Wire Cutter Lumber Pencil Pinchers

Every Farmer Wants One at Sight

One of our agents says he will make $5,000 this year. We believe he will. Others are making $10 to $20 a day. Why not you? Write quick and you will get your territory. Make several sales before you invest a penny. Then send $1.50 to Frank Tyrrell, Dept. 17, Fort Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. Note—We have a $5,000 bond with this paper and find it to be represented. The advertiser is reliable.—Ed.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this and answer very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, mail houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and address for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, circulars, etc. A good number of addresses can be had for 50c and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory containing names and addresses classified according to alphabetical arrangement. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to use in advertising matter. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of the orders is considerable, and we charge 50 cents each for these lists. Of course, if you make a mistake in the printed will not make a correction, but if you write your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 50 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing.

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, WEBSTER, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

98 IS ALL YOU PAY US IN CASH

We have a National reputation for men's stylish $12.00 Suits. Your choice of all the latest fashionable Cloths, including this Spring's popular shadow checks. We use only the very best quality of linings, trimmings, etc.

We Pay All Express Charges

Write today for free samples and full particulars to

HENRY MORTIMER & CO.
Wholesale Clothiers
Desk J, Charles Place and Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO.

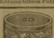
NEURALGIA. Positive, permanent cure $1. No cure no pay. Al. S. Way, Springfield, Ohio

DETECTIVES Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality, to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write H. C. Webster, Indianapolis, Ind.

EVELYN NESBIT POST CARDS and 22 others, and our magazine, one year, 10 cents. AMERICAN STORIES, Dept. X. F., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SEWERS. KITCHEN APRONS. Make highest wages. Material sent to door free of charge. Stamped envelope for particulars. L. P. Richards, 4506 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

16 Funny, Catchy Post Cards FREE
All new subjects in many colors. Richest out for private collections. Complete set of 16 sent free if you will send us only 10 cents for subscription to our Post Card Bulletin, giving latest list of cards. Address Gibson Publishing Co., Dept. 12, 21 East 47th St., Chicago



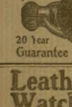
12 CENTS Greatest value ever offered. It is All the Rage in New York. People are wearing this Ring on the same hand with diamonds. It is elegantly engraved by hand. One dozen $1.00. Hand engraved initials 5 cts. extra. Our 100 page catalogue with each order FREE. GEM NOVELTY CO., 3 Elm St., PALMYRA, [illegible]

BIRD MANN IS THE SECRET
preparation used by the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains in Germany for curing all diseases of Cage Birds and restoring lost song. It acts like magic. 15c by druggist or by mail. Send for "Free Bird Book." Phila. Bird Food Co., 404 N. 3d Street, Phila. Pa.

PLUMP-U-LEAN!
A SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT to DEVELOP THE FORM, increase the WEIGHT, BUST, HIPS, LIMBS, and entire FIGURE. This treatment is guaranteed perfectly harmless, there is no exercise or physical development scheme connected with it. It has been successfully used for the past ten years. For particulars address
PLUMP-U-LEAN CO., Lock Box 454, Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO MEN
Dr. W. D. Rankin, New York's leading specialist in men's diseases, will send one week's treatment absolutely free to any one suffering from nervous debility, impaired vitality, or any disease peculiar to men.
Dr. Rankin does this to demonstrate his superior methods—the result of over 30 years of constant practice—feeling success must be the result and to give every sufferer an opportunity to test his treatment free of cost.
DR. W. D. RANKIN, Dept. 6, 136 West 34th St., New York.

TEDDY BEAR 14c



In order to advertise our business anyone sending us just 14 cents in stamps or silver will be sent, postage prepaid, this big muslin Teddy Bear, measuring 15 inches high. A perfect reproduction of a bear on muslin, with eyes, movable legs and arms, etc. Simply cut out as explained in our instructions and stuff with cotton batting or any material handy and you have a Teddy Bear which would cost you $1.00 or $2.00 in any store. With the bear we send 10 coupons which we will ask you to hand to 10 friends free. That is all we require you to do in taking advantage of this bargain. Bear sent at once upon receipt of 14 cents in stamps or silver.
LADIES' BAZAAR (Inc.), Bear Dept. 18 60 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

DUPES OF DESTINY.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

Author of "A Round Trip to the Year 2000," "Adrift in the Unknown," "Marooned in 1492," "A Gift from Mars," "The Eighth Wonder," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.
BACK TO THE PALACE.

Our restive glimgazzets were straining at their halters. We untied them with trembling hands, mounted and flew away.

Turning our startled eyes behind, we saw a sooty fog rolling out of the Factory windows.

"Will that horrible place be destroyed?" I gasped.

"No such luck," answered my companion. Then, as his fears subsided, exultation took their place. "You have seen, Nickerson," he went on, "what one small flask of bacilli Markhamani can do against a whole tankful of lupozinns—and the War lupozinns are the very worst of the lot."

The haze without had lifted, the mountain of radium was doing its best to imitate effulgent day, and the Imperial City sparkled below us.

"That is an awkward name for your improved germs, Professor," I remarked.

"It passes my name along with them to posterity," he returned sharply.

"Even so," said I, "yet for a germ that is bound to be popular with the masses, you have hit upon a most inappropriate title."

"What would you suggest?" he queried.

"I would popularize your new bacillus under the name of 'deracin'—from 'deracinate'—to pull up by the roots, to eradicate."

"Thereby making a poor noun out of a very fair verb."

"Deracin is the direct opposite of lupozinn; and deracins, as I suppose, are to eliminate lupozinns. Let your scientific name for the bacillus appear in the dictionaries, Professor, but give the masses something they can twist into daily speech without fracturing the organs of utterance."

"The matter shall have my consideration, Nickerson. But here we are at the palace again. I doubt whether your nerves are in any better condition since our visit to the Factory, but even if they are not, we can no longer delay. We must learn the worst concerning your friend Hapgood."

"Right you are, Professor. I have witnessed the power of the deracins and my confidence in them has mounted. We will beard this Mr. Zix in the very heart of the palace, if you give the word."

"We must have audience with the Queen, and Zix is always around when there is an audience."

"Very good."

Once more the palace guards came hastening toward us, and the Prime Minister was summoned. When he came he favored me with his demoniac smile, and the words:

"I trust you are enjoying this outing in the world of Chance, Mr. Nickerson? You have been more circumspect and, therefore, more fortunate than either Hapgood or Eames—although I must say Hapgood seems to have retrieved his fortune in some slight degree."

"How has he retrieved his fortune, Mr. Zix?" demanded the professor.

"He has won the gracious favor of Queen Atossa, and she offers him marriage," was the bland response.

"Unhappy man!" cried the professor, throwing up his hands. "He has not accepted?"

"Why not?" returned the Prime Minister severely. "It was either that or radium. Be careful how you condemn his choice, Professor, or I may think best to proceed against you for lese majesty."

Professor Markham bit his lips and smothered a retort.

"The object of your solicitude," continued Mr. Zix, "appears very well satisfied with the way the affair has turned out."

"Does he understand the—the conditions?" inquired the professor feebly.

"I am not here to debate the attendant circumstances but to announce the fact. Hapgood is having a try-out in the throne room, as Her Majesty wishes to discover whether he can acquire the necessary regal manner. Hapgood comes from a republic and the Queen is a little in doubt."

As Mr. Zix led us through a door and down flight after flight of stairs, the professor endeavored, although in vain, to secure a private word with me. There was no doubt in my mind but that Hapgood's unexpected luck—if luck it could be called—was the subject at his tongue's end.

Ushered by the Prime Minister, we came finally into an elaborate room whose walls were overlaid with silver tiles and set with vari-colored gems.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said the Prime Minister urbanely, "and I will discover whether Her Majesty is ready to receive you."

He left the professor and me alone together, and therein my companion found the chance for which he had been waiting.

"The worst that could possibly happen to your friend," said Professor Markham, "has come to pass."

"Is the Queen young?" I asked.

"She has never told her age, but I have it on good authority that she has ruled Zurma for a thousand years."

"Great Scott!" I gasped. "From what I have seen of Hapgood I believe he is a bit fastidious, and will balk at the proposal."

"But he has already accepted!"

"To save his life."

"Then he has gone the wrong way about to gain his ends. Have you forgotten how fatal this atmosphere is to aliens like ourselves? Hapgood will be Prince Consort for about two weeks; then he will die because of the radium."

The Prime Minister returned at that moment and beckoned us. Holding aside a heavy curtain, he waved us through an arched doorway.

A dazzling scene burst suddenly upon my startled eyes. The chamber in which we found ourselves was lofty and vaulted, gleaming with violet light admitted through stained mica windows. Jewels were scattered over walls and ceiling with lavish hand, and even the golden plates on which we trod were heavily encrusted with them.

I shielded my eyes for a space and gradually lowered my hands. Inured to the brilliancy, my sight began to disentangle certain objects from the blazing skein.

First there were guards, huge fellows, and one in particular who had lost an eye and had otherwise a menacing appearance. These guards, like the others I had seen, and like the warriors, were armed with the usual golden spheres.

Back of the guards on one side, was a group of ladies, craning their necks over the masculine shoulders in front for a good look, apparently, at me. The faces of these ladies were pale, and their tresses tawny—conditions which, I had already noticed, obtained among all Zurmans alike.

On the opposite side of the room, behind other guards, were a number of courtiers. Turning my gaze to the point where the two lines of guards and ladies and gentlemen converged, I beheld a double platform surmounted by a double canopy. Then I stared, rubbed my eyes, and stared again.

"Kneel!" prompted the professor in a whisper.

And I knelt—to the loveliest creature it has ever been my lot to look upon.

The inhabitants of Zurma, civilians, guards and warriors, were all clad in monotonous yellow, but Queen Atossa wore snowy white, clasped at her shoulder and waist with great, gleaming diamonds. Nor was her robe whiter than her exquisite face, her entire figure seeming as though cut from flawless marble.

She may have been more than a thousand years old, yet, if so, she held her age wonderfully, and did not look a day over twenty. Her scepter, which was lightly clasped and lay against her alabaster arm, was surmounted with a cube, set on one corner. The surfaces of the cube were covered with red rubies and numbered like a die.

After I had kotowed properly and lifted my head, my eyes swerved toward the other platform. There sat Hapgood, lounging in a chair and trying to look dignified in a white Mother Hubbard. His spiked Alpine shoes showed beneath the hem of the gown.

He wore a crown which looked like an inverted wash basin, and was tilted the veriest trifle over one eye. He gave me no welcome, but surveyed me coldly, took a cigar from somewhere about his person, nipped off the end and then lighted the weed at a small vase containing a pinch of radium.

I was bewildered. The professor and I, at some peril and inconvenience to ourselves, had come to negotiate for Hapgood's release. Hapgood's manner, therefore, took on the nature of an affront. Knowing him to be a genial gentleman, I was naturally not a little at sea.

His cigar also trouble me. Had he brought that with him from the outside?

I envied him the weed, and probably showed it. As though to pique me further, he began his smoking with a deliberation that was maddening.

Settling himself luxuriously, he tilted his crown to a still greater angle and flashed me a tantalizing look through the first graceful wreaths. And then two or three stray lupozinns got in their work.

The crown dropped, swept the cigar from Hapgood's lips and smashed it on the golden tiles at his feet. Hapgood's dignity was instantly impaired. Starting up, he kicked the crown to one side and caught up the useless fragments of tobacco.

The cigar must have been very dry, for it had all but gone to powder.

"Deuce take it!" Hapgood mourned. "I wouldn't have had that happen for a thousand dollars. It was the only cigar in the country and I had been saving it."

Then I burst into a laugh. I was not up in court etiquette, particularly, but I knew at once that that laugh was a mistake.

Hapgood glared, the professor plucked my sleeve and the guards swooped down upon me. The professor interceded in my behalf, however, and told Her Majesty that I was from a republic and therefore shy a few points on court behavior. At least I suppose he told her that, for he talked in Zurman and, when he was done, the Queen waved the guards back.

"It doesn't pay to get funny here," said Hapgood, scowling.

"Look here," said I indignantly, "aren't you glad to see one of your friends?"

"Can't say that I'm overwhelmed," he drawled.

"Haven't you any curiosity to learn what became of Eames?"

"Eames' fate doesn't concern me."

"We came here to rescue you," I persisted grimly. Haven't you even common civility for one who has been to so much trouble on your account?"

"Don't want to be rescued!" he snapped.

"That settles it," said I. "You deserve all that's in store for you, Hapgood. Come on, Professor," I added, bowing to the Queen and starting for the door.

"Wait!" exclaimed the professor. "You don't understand——"

"I understand that Hapgood's the limit; that's enough for me."

Although the professor had laid hands on my arm, so great was my disgust that I should have broken away from him had not three excited gentlemen come running into the room, showing even less decorum than I had manifested a moment before.

These gentlemen were the Directors, Messrs. Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Mr. Lachesis held the broken flask which had contained the deracins.

A perfect hubbub of excited voices greeted this unceremonious entrance of the gentlemen from the Factory. Zurman was a flexible language and the court ladies and courtiers bandied polysyllables back and forth until the air was fairly blue.

"Heavens!" I heard the professor groan. "I had no idea I had dropped the flask. These tunics are the worst things I ever saw for losing articles when you think you have them secure. I believe, Nickerson, it is just as well to act on your suggestion and leave. Perhaps we can make our escape during the confusion."

He turned and fled post-haste. I followed at a run. But we were seen by the one-eyed guard and Mr. Zix.

They endeavored to raise an alarm, but every one else in the room appeared to be wrapped up in what the Directors were endeavoring to tell them.

The professor and I slipped and slid through the anteroom, gained the first stairway and started up. There came a whizz, a flash and a smell of burning sulphur.

"Never touched me!" I shouted with a mocking laugh.

The Prime Minister was up to that thunderbolt dodge of his, but the bolts glided past me and past the professor as well.

"Do you observe?" panted the professor triumphantly. "We are fortified against such things. The bacilli Markhamani are——"

"Explain that later," I interrupted, pushing him onward. "We need our breath for something else just now."

We retraced our course up flight after flight, the metal stairs echoing frantically under our feet. Presently we regained the roof, but there our unlucky stars defied the deracins which the hypoderm had let loose in our veins.

Between us and our tugging glimgazzets stood the one-eyed guard and the Prime Minister. They had taken a short-cut to the roof, reached there ahead of us and were now plainly intending to hold us in check until more of the guards came up from below.

"We're in for it, Professor," said I as I pushed back my sleeves.

CHAPTER XV.
THE GARDEN OF MUMMIES.

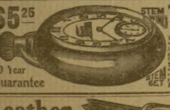
I had no intention of allowing Mr. Zix and the guard to keep me away from the glimgazzets. I could be pugnacious on occasion, and this was one of the occasions.

Cockney Bill, a middleweight champion and an admirer of Gentleman Jim's taught me how to use my fists. So without more ado I sparred toward the two who obstructed our path.

"Wait!" cried the Prime Minister, raising his hand.

"We have no time to wait," I flung back. "Out of the way, or take the consequences." With that I swung for the pointed chin.

My blow was neatly dodged by Mr. Zix, but he cleared the way with alacrity. His



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$500,000.00 was the price paid for enough stock to give control of the Bullfrog Mining Company, a number of claims now worth $1,000,000.00 today. Stock was sold in that property, too, at 10 cents per share. Shares bought at that price, if you offered them $4.00 today.

[illegible] where Wonder was a name almost unknown. . . . the purchase price has been offered for our property. We are going to keep the big end of it ourselves, for that is where we are going to find our money.

From a geographical standpoint, Wonder is the most favorably located of all Nevada's great mining camps. Wonder is in the southeast corner of the great Comstock lode, which paid more seven hundred million dollars before it got too deep for work. Its extension again has been discovered and relocated in this new [illegible] gold belt. Wonder is the logical point of [illegible] identical with the original Comstock ore that two [illegible] lode system; the intersection is

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The LOST TREASURE;

Or, SEARCHING THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS, by GENERAL OLIVER BENNETT.

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CHAPTER I.
A LOST FORTUNE.

"We are ruined, Lance."

"Then the report is true?"

Yes the bank closed its doors yesterday. Captain Claiborne thinks that depositors will receive less than five per cent."

"Well, another fortune has gone down the sucker!"

"And I on your account, my boy."

"Oh, I am young and strong, and can make my way in the world, mother, and you shall never look for the comforts you have heretofore enjoyed. But is it possible that our entire fortune is swept away by this bank failure? It does not seem possible."

"Everything is gone save this place, my son. The large plantation and our city home must be sold to meet outstanding obligations. This home and a few hundred dollars are all that remain to us."

The widow Winlow was her only son, a tall, muscular, bright-eyed, red-haired boy of eighteen. For a long time in silence. It was a glorious morn on a well-kept plantation in Louisiana. The gulf lay there, the last ripples dancing in the sunlight, brilliant flowers, and tropical birds sang and scolded in the trees. Lance was the first to speak.

"Mother," he said, "it seems that it is now time for me to act on my long-deferred trip to the Gulf of Mexico, in quest of the cargo of the lost ship."

"You really cannot mean what you say," said the mother. "Think of the peril!"

"But, mother, just think of the reward of a little exertion! Why, we have more than a million dollars locked up in the watery of the gulf. Think what that would mean to us now, and the risk is not so very great, after all."

"You are all I have in the world, Lance," replied the mother, gazing fondly on the handsome face and sturdy form of her son. "Think what would be my life in the future if you should sail away and never return."

"But I am certain that the Pioneer, my new submarine boat, will lead me to the lost gold in a very short time. You know how I have labored over that boat. It seems to me to be about perfect, and as safe as an ocean liner. In fact, I have just returned from a trial trip around the bayou, and every part works like a charm. Just imagine me, my fellows and the Pioneer in the Gulf of Mexico and dragging out that buried gold! I long to once use a little of it to good advantage about me."

"I could not sleep in my bed at night, my boy, with you away on such a dangerous voyage. For my sake, abandon all thought of it. Your boat may be a wonderful thing, but you must not trust your life to it."

"Why, mother," replied the boy, "submarine boats are now constructed so cleverly that the government is making a large investment in them. With the Pioneer and the help of my fellows, I will soon have the gold lost when the ship went down."

"I fear the danger," said the mother, yielding in a measure to the enthusiasm of the boy.

"There is no danger," replied the boy, thus encouraged, "save the danger of not finding the gold. You know that it has been on the bottom for thirty years, and for a good many years, and may be buried in sand or mud. Still, I will find it, I feel it. You know that it was always a dream of father's that some day I might construct a boat that would make recovery of the lost money possible."

"I know that, my boy. But—"

"Come down to the bayou, mother," interrupted the boy. "You are nervous and all broken up over the loss of the money we had in the bank. Come out on the Pioneer with me, and see what a beauty she is. Why, she obeys the slightest touch, like a well-trained horse, and we have a ride on the wonder of modern times," he added laughingly. "I really think you'll want to go to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, but me when you see what a beautiful boat I have."

The mother arose and followed the excited youth. The old Winlow place, as it was called, faced the narrow bayou that ran back from the Mississippi River, a few miles below the city of New Orleans. Years before there had been a boat landing on the bayou, not far from the house, yet still reserved from it by a grove of trees, but with the advent of the railroad this had fallen into disuse, and the bayou with its wide expanse of water had become a playground for the boy, who, from his earliest years, had been deeply interested in aerial and submarine navigation, and had once or twice come near drowning by the failure of some pet idea of boat construction. However, he had kept at his work, in spite of frequent failures, until now he believed that he had what he had long sought, a boat that would sail on the water, travel under the water like a carriage on land or fly through the air like a bird.

Of course the boy had not constructed such a boat, but he had perfected a boat-unaided. His father had during his lifetime encouraged the boy in his work, and had brought to his assistance the cleverest of experts, who, it must be stated, had shown little confidence in the plans of the boy. However, they had assisted in developing his ideas, and the Pioneer was the result.

Lance's grandfather had been an officer in the Southern army during the civil war, and his father had been interested in shipping. The boy had a taste for the sea, and for his desire to perfect his submarine boat, he would have been out on the ocean at a much earlier date, but for the fact that aerial and submarine navigation held many charms for him, and he had spent his time to study them out, with the result that at the age of eighteen he was, as we have seen, he was already a well-educated youth, especially proficient in languages and the sciences allied to his chosen profession.

On the site of the old steamboat landing the young doctor had an extensive and completely equipped workshop, established by Lance's father long before his death. The workshop was the delight and pride and thing of a dreamer, and, besides, the notion struck the prosperous citizen at the bottom of the sea might one day be brought to land had not a little influenced the father in yielding to the wishes of the son in the matter of submarine and aerial studies and experiments.

The bayou upon which the workshop fronted was very deep, and was navigable about five miles back from the Mississippi River. It was bordered by a wide carriage drive, paved with white shells, as are so many driveways in the South. The shell road was shaded and beautified by orange trees, well-trimmed live oak trees and trailing grapevines. On the whole, it was a delightful spot, and one that would have charmed the heart of any lover of nature. And yet two of Lance's employes sitting in the semi-tropical sunshine before the door, engaged in a closely-contested game of cards. One was a tall, thin-limbed, thin-faced, black-visaged man, evidently a native negro, dressed in a loose suit of blue flannels with a white shirt open at the neck. The other was a thick-bodied, thick-lipped, thick-voiced but wonderfully clear-headed negro, who was Lance's mother's favorite and confidential friend.

With them he was planning to start on a voyage destined to be filled with thrilling incidents, wild adventures and narrow escapes. The cards were spread on a little camp-stool established before the door, engaged in a closely-contested game of cards. One was a tall, thin-limbed, thin-faced, black-visaged man, evidently a native negro, dressed in a loose suit of blue flannels with a white shirt open at the neck. The other was a thick-bodied, thick-lipped, thick-voiced but wonderfully clear-headed negro, who was Lance's mother's favorite and confidential friends.

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"Is the Pioneer in good trim, Dross?" asked Lance.

"Yes, Lance," replied the white swamper.

"Then we will take a trip to the head of the bayou," said Lance. "Mother wishes to see what the little wonder can do."

"All right, sah!" cried the negro, darkly scrambling down the gangplank in order to get ahead of his fellow-worker. Apparently as light as a cork, the boat floated at the old wharf. She seemed to have much in common with the dark depths of the sea, and to be a thing of sunshine and beauty.

Lance and his mother walked aboard, the latter gave vent to many exclamations of surprise at the neatness and perfection of all she saw. She was first conducted to a small but luxuriously furnished reading room and laboratory combined. It was brilliantly lighted by electricity.

"Oh, I mean to be as comfortable as possible during my voyage," said Lance, who appeared to consider his mother's objections withdrawn, and the trip assured. "This is where I shall live, snug as a bug in a rug, and Dross and Duff will sleep in this little den just off my own, and within easy reach. How safe the boat is you shall soon see."

Mrs. Winlow continued to gaze curiously about the place. Indeed, it was one well calculated to awaken both astonishment and curiosity. Books of reference lay here and there, ready to the hand. Delicate instruments were securely fastened to their stands. Glass vessels in immovable brackets held costly chemicals. Maps and charts covering the earth, the seas and the skies hung on the walls. There were barometers, thermometers and intricate electrical instruments for measuring the speed of the machine in the water and in the air.

There was also a full outfit of diving suits, life preservers, weapons for use on land and sea, and numerous other things for which the astonished woman could see no practical use, but which she knew were necessarily a part of the equipment.

"It all seems quite queer," she said in a moment, "that I cannot realize where I am. But where is your motive power?"

"Come below and you shall see," replied the boy.

Closely followed by his mother, he passed down a short flight of steps and paused beside a shining shaft of steel which ran through the entire length of the machine. It was supported every ten feet by firm bands of the metal, very light, but strong. In short, everything about the Pioneer was built with a view of reducing weight as much as possible.

"But where is the power?" asked the mother.

"We manufacture the power," was the reply. "Just as many manufacturers make their electricity. I cannot use as large a plant as I wish, but with the aid of storage batteries, which can be used at any time, I am able to get up a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour on the land and in the air. Submarine work is slower. Of course we use alcohol for the power in place of electricity, as there is no weight to be too bulky. The screw is attached to this shaft. Like many other things about the machine, it can easily be removed and folded away when the machine is wanted for use as an automobile or an air ship."

"Will it really navigate the air?"

"Why, of course. Airships are common now. Only the other day one wheeled about Washington like a bird, and called upon the President. Seeing so many things here, you do not realize how light this machine is made, as far as the work, the thing is just an automobile. As a submarine boat it is like the boats now in use by every civilized nation. It is not so wonderful, after all, mother."

But the fond mother, realizing the immense possibilities in the machine, and the skill and industry of a woman, knew that it a very wonderful thing indeed. She was proud of her boy, and already was her content won.

CHAPTER II.
OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Presently all was ready for the trip up the bayou, and Lance gave the order to go ahead. Mrs. Winlow uttered a slight exclamation as the boat darted against the wharf for an instant, but there followed a slight jar, and the boat shot settled down for a pleasant ride. Then came another slight jar and Lance said:

"Here we are, mother."

"Out on the bayou!" asked the widow, greatly surprised.

"At Magnolia Grove, at the head of the bayou," was the reply.

"Surely not so soon."

"Five miles in six minutes," said Lance. "I rather think the Pioneer can go faster. What do you think of her mother?"

"It seems like a dream," replied the widow.

"Oh, I'm not the only pebble," smiled Lance. "There are others. Why, this is only a combination of automobile, submarine boat and airship. Separately, these things are all in common use," added the boy modestly.

"Automobile!" repeated the mother.

"Why, of course," replied Lance. "You'll see, just as soon as I get you home the boat can run under water. Get ready, Dross, for a return trip close to the bottom."

Mrs. Winlow gave a little cry of alarm.

"You are perfectly sure it is safe?" she asked.

"Sure, mother. Do you think I would venture a risk with you on board?"

But how do you make the boat sink? It runs as lightly on the surface that one would think it a difficult matter to get her to the bottom.

"Just the ordinary way," was the reply, "by letting water into compartments along the keel. This water, of course, is pumped out when we want to come to the surface again. Are you all ready, Dross? Then down we go."

As the boy spoke there came a slight hissing sound, followed by a quivering, swaying motion, and the Pioneer began to slowly disappear beneath the clear waters of the beautiful bayou. Soon it was entirely submerged, and the hissing sound ceased.

"What noise," said Lance, in answer to an inquiring look from his mother, "was the air escaping from the water-tight compartments. As they fill with water, of course the air must get out, and that is the complaint it makes on account of its eviction," he added with a merry laugh. "Now come into the pilot house, mother, and I will show you a new world, a world which does not exist for those who know nothing of submarine navigation."

Taking the arm of her son, Mrs. Winlow accompanied him to the place designated. Looking through a strong plate glass window out upon the bottom of the bayou, she saw what seemed to be a fairyland, but one in which no timid person would care to wander. Huge garfish, great jackfish with swan-like jaws, lumbering turtles, writhing serpents, immense alligators, fled hither and yon before the bright electric light which the boat cast forth. The bottom of the bayou looked like a tropical forest, and swaying growths occasionally brushed against the pane from which the mother looked out upon all these wonderful scenes. Now and then a fish, dazzled by the light, came to the window and rubbed its nose against the glass.

Presently the strong searchlight picked up the submerged timbers of the wharf,

As tight as a cork the boat floated at the old wharf.

and then the boat slowed down, the pumps quickly emptied the water reservoirs, and again the Pioneer floated on the water like a duck.

"And now, Dross," said Lance, "get out the lifts and we'll take a drift in the air. You are not afraid, mother?"

"I can hardly comprehend what you mean," replied the mother. "Can you really sail through the air with the same machine, a moment ago you were down to the bottom of the bayou?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "As I have already explained, it is no longer a trick to make a machine which will navigate the air. The trouble is to invent one which can be used for commercial purposes. But I am not looking to the carrying of goods or passengers, or even the armaments of war, for the success of my invention. I have built this machine for use in recovering the lost gold—the gold which has for many years lain beneath the waters of the Gulf of Mexico."

"But how do you accomplish the flight?" asked the mother.

"As you know," replied Lance, "the machine is very light, comparatively speaking. When its surface area is considered. It does not require so very much to float it when in motion, for the motion, of course, increases the sustaining power. Down in the engine room, where we make our own electricity, we have a small gas machine. No, of course we cannot make gas of coal, but we use a product of petroleum, which is coal in liquid form. A little of this product makes a lot of gas.

"Then there are the balloons. Here I have a new principle. Instead of having one large gas-inflated carrying-bag, I have a hundred or more little ones. This system was chosen because in this small machine we could not handle a huge balloon. At the top of the boat, at the sides and bottom, or anywhere where they can be placed, are these little balloons, lying sealed in water-tight compartments built in the shell of the boat. You see this lever? Well, a turn to the right will open the doors to these compartments and release the lifts, then a turn of this wheel will direct the gas being made in the lower regions into the empty gas bags. They become inflated, of course, draw from the surface of the machine to the water above the balloons, lift the machine, and there you are—up in the air.

"Here is another new principle. These small balloons—I call them small in order to distinguish them from the large ones of the ordinary airship, though they are not so very small, each one having a lifting capacity of fifty pounds—are connected with the ship by a tube instead of by a rope. Through this tube gas may be forced while the ship is in flight, so that it cannot fall while the balloons remain intact and the gas continues to generate below. Again, these small balloons, lifts, I call them, are much safer, because a bullet striking a large balloon might wreck the whole thing, while it would cause little inconvenience if even a dozen of my lifts should be put out of commission. Half my lifts will carry the ship, as they actually do when it is being lifted from the water, as then the submerged ones cannot be filled without danger of being broken by the opposing pressure of the water."

"But you are not going where bullets will be sent flying after you," said the mother in sudden alarm.

"I hope not," was the gay reply, "though one can never tell what may happen. But, see, the wings are out and we are away."

"But there are really wings," said the widow. "You did not refer to them."

"They do not lift the boat," was the reply, "although they may help a little at the very start. Their value is in their steadying power and the scope they give to the rudder. They are made of aluminum, and are of course very light. They are made to fold into a very small groove running along the side of the ship. See how grandly the brave little machine rises! Isn't she a beauty, mother?"

The engineer, Dross, had backed down the bayou, almost to the Mississippi, had given the boat a swift motion forward, as an eagle gives a short run on the ground before soaring into the air, then, releasing the lift coverings and inflating the gas into the tubes, had sent the boat out of the water. It may be well to state here that each lift was controlled separately, so that in case one was injured the gas could be shut off at that point and waste avoided. Seen from a distance, the boat resembled one great balloon, the lifts of course mounting together.

Quickly the Pioneer passed the workshops and mounted above the five levees, the five which formed the grove, circled about the fields of the plantation, passed on to the bend of the bayou and sailed down into the water again.

Again the mother gave a little sigh as the keel struck the water.

"It is like magic," she said. "I can't understand how you came to have such a talent for electric machinery."

"My having the best mother in the world," replied Lance, throwing an arm protectingly about the widow's shoulders, "a mother who did not call me a fool and a crank, but encouraged me instead, and a father who was willing to bankrupt himself to supply me with money for my education and my experiments. This machine, just as the other here on the water, mother, has cost the Winlow family nearly $100,000."

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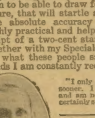

"I only regret that I did not write you sooner. I followed your advice, got a start and am now earning $85.00 a month. You certainly started me on the road to success."
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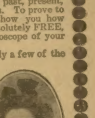

"All of your predictions come true. I married again as you stated I would and I now find that you may live many years to continue in this noble work."
Mrs. F. H. BREWSTER.

Mrs. F. H. BREWSTER.

"At the time I received my Horoscope I doubted what you told me; but one year has elapsed, and I must confess the truth, that your readings are certainly wonderful, for now I know what you told me is true."
Mrs. F. ROGERS.

Can you refuse to believe in Astrology in the face of this letter from a noted doctor of New Bedford, Mass., who said to me: "I have bettered myself in so many ways, and have avoided so much of the unpleasantness of life that I can not find words to express the benefits I have received from my Horoscope not. Still more convincing is a letter from Miss Clara Devine of St. Louis, Mo., which is in itself self-explanation. She says: "The six months I have had my Horoscope has been the happiest days of my life, and I hope that you may live many years to demonstrate the truths of Astrology."

If you want to make your future successful and know what it contains, write me at once. Simply send me your name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, and if married or single, and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and your Horoscope together with the Special Forecast for 1907 will be immediately sent you in a sealed envelope FREE of charge.

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This is a very useful book, being a guide to successful Hunting and Trapping of Wild Animals. It tells how to find, capture and kill, but trapping, etc., the fur bearing animals, as well as all kinds of wild game. It tells how to make traps, and how to tell how value of skins; as well as instructions in how and when to skin, flesh, and handle skins so as to get the best results. It tells how to make a Raccoon Scent Bag, and how to use it. It tells successfully without a gun, and how to make a gun. It tells how to make a fine scented lure for skunk, mink, coon, fox, and other animals. It tells how to make a Trapping Outfit for small's Musk, Helps and Suggestions, list of those who buy raw furs, and what they pay. Also a valuable catalogue of trappers' supplies. The whole book contains 72 pages, and is well worth the money. Write today to LIBERTY QUALITY CO., Room 1000, 1133 Broadway, CHICAGO, ILL. Ask for "Life in the Woods," when ordering.

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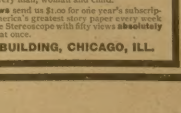

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How Good Food may Turn to Poison.

DECAY is not digestion, you know, even when it takes place in the stomach.

Food decayed in the body after being eaten is as dangerous to health as food decayed before being eaten.

Food nourishes or poisons, just according to how long it remains in the Bowels undigested.

* * *

Most of the Digestion occurs in the thirty feet of intestines.

They are lined with a set of little mouths, that squeeze Digestive Juices into the Food eaten.

The Instestines are also lined with millions of little suction pumps, that draw the Nutriment from Food, as it passes them in going through.

But, when the Bowel-Muscles are weak, the Food moves too slowly to stimulate the little Gastric Mouths and there is no flow or too little flow of Digestive Juice, to change the food into nourishment.

Then, the food decays in the Bowels, and the little suction pumps draw Poison from the decayed Food, into the blood, instead of the Nutrition they should have drawn.

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Now, Cascarets contain the only combination of drugs that Stimulates these Muscles of the Bowels and Intestines just as a Cold Bath, or open-air Exercise, stimulates a Lazy Man.

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They produce the same sort of Natural result that a Six Mile walk in the country would produce without any injurious Chemical effect.

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When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

"It does not seem possible, my son. You must have figured double."

"Oh, I know how expensive it has been," continued Lance, "and how outrageously the experts charged for their time, and all that, but now I'll pay it all back by raising the lost gold."

"For your sake I hope so," said the mother, who no longer offered opposition to the boy's project. "I really hope so, for you have been reared in luxury, and poverty would be doubly hard now."

"Never fear," replied the boy. "Now, if you are ready, we'll try the automobile end of the machine."

In an incredibly short space of time great rubber-tired wheels were adjusted to slender axles which were pushed from the interior of the boat and the power turned on. The power, of course, was communicated directly to the axle, there being none of the complicated machinery of the modern automobile. The great wheels lifted the keel of the boat a foot from the ground. Passing along the shell road, the machine was soon at the old wharf, where Lance and his mother alighted.

Resting on its powerful axles and wheels, entirely out of water, the beautiful proportions of the Pioneer could be clearly seen. It was shaped like a cigar, except that both ends were sharp, and was full 100 feet in length. It was twelve feet in diameter at the thicketst part, which was at the reading room. Within it was a triumph of mechanician genius and skill.

"Lance," said the proud mother, "you are a wizard."

"Only a hard worker," was the reply. "Why, I have had the advice of all the best mechanical and electrical experts in the world in the making of this machine."

"No, you are a magician," said the mother. "I am afraid of you!" she added, happy tears in her eyes as she threw her arms about the boy's neck and kissed him. "Why, Lance," she added, "you are no longer a boy. You are a man!"

"Then you no longer oppose in the man what you believed to be impossible for the boy?" asked Lance merrily. For some time he had known that his mother's opposition to his proposed trip had vanished, but she had not yet given her consent in words.

"It breaks my heart to think of your going away, into unknown dangers, my son," replied the mother, "but I give my consent. And when you have recovered the gold from your grandfather's lost ship you may continue your voyage to Peru and rediscover the lost city of the Andes, the golden city which your grandfather saw many years ago. My trips in your machine have convinced me that she is all you claim for her, and that you will be careful of your life for my sake if not for your own."

"You may trust me, mother," replied the boy gratefully. He had not expected permission for the Peruvian trip. "Dross and Duff will go with me, and we can be off by Monday. Oh, but you are good to me, mother, and I'll never come back without the gold which lies out there in the gulf.'

"Better return poor than not at all," replied the loving mother.

This capital story of seeking lost treasure and of strange and extraordinary happenings will be continued in next week's Ledger. Read it to the close and enjoy its marvels. Other very wonderful stories will follow this in these pages. Subscribe for the Ledger so that you will not miss them. You will find great entertainment in one of our beautiful stereoscopes, which will be sent you entirely without cost if you send in a subscription; also we will give free any six of our spring patterns that you may select, with a single subscription. Read our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Dupes of Destiny.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"Of course; yet I shall not ask of you anything more than you can do, and do easily."

"What will you have?"

"First, let us strike a bargain. Have I your promise?"

"It is a chance, and I would clutch at anything. Yes, I will help you providing you, in turn, do your best for me."

"Good! Nickerson and I came to the capital to rescue Hapgood, but he is mentally unbalanced and does not want to be rescued."

"I see. The emanations of the mountain—they have reached his brain."

"Exactly. Now, what we desire, is to be smuggled into the room where Hapgood is being held."

"He is not being held. He remains in the palace of his own accord."

"The poor fellow doesn't know what he is doing. If he did, you would not find him so passive a prisoner."

"It will be difficult to get you to his room," said Captain Yim. "The palace is full of guards."

"You are still privileged to come and go, are you not?"

"Not by the Queen's order. However, the guards are all from my legion and I have no doubt that I could pass them without trouble. As to taking you with me, that is a different matter."

"Suppose, for instance," suggested the professor, "we were disguised as guards?"

"That might serve."

"Let us try it, at all events. We must exhaust every resource to get Hapgood out of the palace."

"He won't go——"

"Yes, he will."

"Not freely. If he created a disturbance——"

"I promise you that he will not."

"What will you do to prevent it? If he makes a scene, then it is all over with the three of us."

"If we are willing to take the risk, surely you should be. You have all to gain and nothing to lose."

Captain Yim bowed his head in a brown study.

"What you say, Professor, is too true. I have all to gain and nothing to lose, providing you are are able to help me if our plan is successful. Come to the palace gate in half an hour. If I find, upon investigation, that the matter is promising, I will be at hand with two paletots, such as are worn by the guards."

"Have a swift bird handy for yourself," returned the professor, "and another for Hapgood. Can you manage it?"

"I believe so. I am trusting implicitly to you, Professor."

"I shall not fail you, Captain. There is my hand on it."

They shook hands, and after Captain Yim had vanished the professor explained that promises, in Zurma, had always to be taken with a large amount of salt. Owing to the meddlesome habits of the lupozinns, no man knew, when he made a promise, whether he should ever be able to fulfil it, but if he gave his word, and then his hand on it, he must show cause for failure or lose the hand.

"If I had not broken that flask," the professor finished, "I could have inoculated Captain Yim and thereby made the issue of our work more certain. The hypoderm, however, it is absolutely necessary to save for Hapgood."

"I hate to mention it, Professor," said I, "when so many grave matters are pressing, but the fact is I am about starved."

"We will go hunting for plang," he answered.

The light, it would appear, waited upon our pleasure, for presently it surrounded us and we had not to move more than a dozen feet to secure what sustenance we needed. Water was obtained from a spring fed, so the professor assured me, from the Styx.

We took our bearings during the time the light was with us, and when we were ready to start, and darkness intervened, we were able to make a tolerably direct fly to the palace. Descending well to one side of the palace, we skulked toward the eastern gate, guided by many huge brackets of radium suspended from the palace walls.

It was a ticklish adventure, albeit we felt sure of ourselves. What uncertainty there was lay with Captain Yim, who had nothing to preserve him from an untimely attack of lupozinns.

This thrilling and remarkable story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are still sending stereoscopes and patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Almost Complete.

An artist was talking about the late Walter Appleton Clark, who died at the beginning of his artistic career.

"And Clark," he said, "had a strong sense of humor. I remember going through a millionaire's stables with him one day.

"You know what a millionaire's stables nowadays are like: floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings and so forth and so on.

" 'Well, gentlemen,' said the millionaire proudly, 'is anything lacking?'

" 'I can think of nothing,' said Clark, 'except a sofa for each horse.' "

The Growler.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the woman suffrage leader, was talking in Philadelphia about divorce.

"Ill temper is at the root of divorce," Mrs. Avery said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorces than immorality.

"When I was living in Pittsburg, I called one day on a certain married woman.

"At dinner time my hostess rang for a maid. She said:

" 'Mary, is that Mr. Brown downstairs? I thought I heard him just now.'

" 'No'm,' Mary answered. 'That wuz the dawg what wuz growling.' "

What He Was.

Masked Man (dashing into a parlor car on Western railroad)—Hold up yer hands.

Passenger—Don't shoot, please. Take all I've got, and welcome.

Masked Man—This is a big pile o' money, so I'll give you ten dollars of it back. I may be a train robber, but I ain't no parlor car porter.

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Her Code of Morals.

"Really, you know," said the beautiful young grass widow, "I can't see why people should make so much fuss about it when one gets a divorce. It seems to me that is the pleasanter way all around if one is to gain one's freedom."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Primm, "how can you say such things? Why, I'd never think of getting a divorce, no matter what happened."

"But if your husband was in love with another woman you surely wouldn't go on living with him. I can't think of anything which would be more revolting than that. Perhaps you have never paused to think of it, but can't you see that a wife who, knowing her husband no longer cared for her and being aware that he loved another woman, kept on accepting his support and living under the same roof with him would be selling herself? She would be just as immoral as the debased, painted creature by whom she would think she had been defied if their skirts happened to touch in the street. She would indeed be no longer the man's wife except in a legal sense. Spiritually such a couple would be no more man and wife than you are the wife of the man who sells you your meat. Wouldn't you under such circumstances gladly accept any chance to end your shame, and wouldn't it be thoroughly unjust of society to condemn you for doing so. Wouldn't your self-respect goad you on to get a divorce, to be free, in spite of—"

"What! And give him a chance to marry the other woman? Never! You must think I'm crazy."

Chinese and Footbinding.

"Direction of the anti-footbinding movement in China has been handed over by the Shanghai ladies' committee to Chinese, who have already established many anti-footbinding societies throughout this great empire," writes a Shanghai contributor to a newspaper there. "Great was the surprise and yet greater the delight at the recent annual meeting of the Tien Tsu Hui (anti-footbinding society) when it was announced that not only a Chinese committee had been formed but also an executive committee with two Chinese gentlemen as secretaries, one for foreign correspondence and one for Chinese, and that several of the gentlemen would attend the meeting.

"The more because the ladies of the Tien Tsu Hui had tried in various quarters to find successors to carry on their labors and had, as they thought, failed. So following the Chinese method they decided to commit suicide in accordance with their usage, they had advertised their meeting, but none of the committee that intended to die had the heart to invite witnesses. China's method succeeded, as probably it always will in China, and thus before the suicide was even accomplished in walked a number of distinguished Chinese gentlemen who are to form the new Chinese committee.

"The foreign ladies in China can at least feel that public opinion has been sufficiently aroused for them to trust the direction of the movement to Chinese. That their confidence is well placed is assured by the fact that the very influential committee of Chinese announce their determination to carry on the work till 'the sun does not shine on a single bound foot in China.'"

Feminine.

She—Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?

He—Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be—er—harder to silence!

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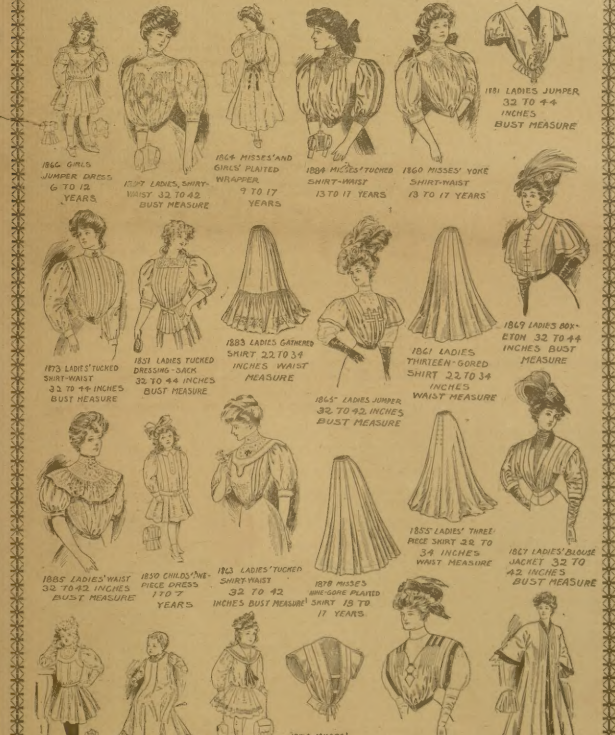
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

MIXED.

When we remark: "It's getting late, Run upstairs, Johnny—after sight!" He wails, the thing to do shakes his head— "But I don't want to go to bed!"

Yet in the morning when he's called From out that bed he must be hustled! The while he scolds with wrinkled brow: "But I don't want to get up now!"

Oh, what a pity, do I say, That Johnny boy is built this way! Would that some power might him coerce The operation to reverse.

So that, his mind disposed aright He would the bed prefer at night And with the morn would us beguile For license to stay up a while!

True Story About Hugh.

Hugh's father was a switchman. He went to work early in the morning and stayed all day at the railway tracks. Hugh took him his lunch at noon.

There was a long bridge over the river which ran near the place where Hugh's father worked. At first Hugh, who is only 10 years old, was afraid to walk across the ties, and see the river rushing beneath, but after a while he thought it fun to see how quickly he could cross the bridge.

One day he had taken his father's lunch, and, after his father had eaten it, Hugh started back home, swinging the big tin dinner pail.

What was that smoke that Hugh saw a little way ahead? It seemed to come from the railway bridge.

"Fire, father," cried Hugh, "the bridge is on fire."

"Run, Hugh," answered his father. "Get some water from the river! I cannot leave the switch to help you. Be as quick as you can."

Hugh slid down the railway embankment to the river. In a moment the cover was off and Hugh had a brimming pail of water.

He climbed up the bank, holding the pail as carefully as he could. But his shoes sank into the gravel, and the water flopped over the top of the pail. But Hugh reached the top of the bank, stepped quickly upon the bridge and poured the water upon the blaze. Then he slid down to the river to refill his pail.

He could hear the flames snap and crackle above him and he wondered how many times he must go back and forth before he could put them out. The pail had sometimes seemed large to Hugh when he brought it to his father's side, but now as he looked at the leaping flames it seemed very small. Again he climbed up the bank, poured as much as he could carry on the flames and went back for more.

The sweat stood out on his forehead, his back ached and his arms were filled with gravel, but he did not stop. He could see his father standing and the switch watching him.

"Take another pailful, Hugh," he heard him call from far down the track," you will have the fire put out soon."

Hugh could not avoid the cheer that he dipped his pail in the running water and climbed the steep bank. But when each trip the red and yellow flames grew smaller and the black charred spot on the bridge grew larger.

At last the fire disappeared and the smoke died away. Then Hugh's cooling pail Hugh trudged back to his father at the switch.

"Well, done, Hugh," said his father, "you have saved the bridge from being burned. I am proud of you. Go home, now, and rest."

Hugh went home, proud and happy. He forgot his aching back and the gravel in his shoes.

Now when he walks the ties over the river he feels as if it was his bridge he is on, because he saved it from burning.

Four Silly Geese.

Emma Belle sat on the doorstep, a very cross little person. "No one to play with and nothing to do," she thought, as the busy clatter in the kitchen where she was not wanted. "Folks don't appreciate me. I believe I'll run away."

Suddenly a white head with two beady eyes came peering around the corner of the porch. The bright yellow bonnet of Emma Belle first met it face to face, and then, satisfied that everything was all right, Puff, the big white goose, marched solemnly into sight, followed by Snuff and Muff. All three advanced directly to Emma Belle, bobbing their heads and looking at her, first out of one eye, then out of the other, and looking very silly that before Emma Belle knew it she had given a little giggle.

Then the three geese looked more solemn than ever. They bobbed their heads at each other, and then at Emma Belle, and seemed to get very angry. Once Puff pecked cruelly at Emma Belle's apron, but jumped away with a squawk when Emma Belle's little hand gave a giggled again.

That was too much for the three geese. They held their heads very high, formed in single file, and marched off to the pond, looking as indignant as geese can look. But their silly little heads wouldn't hold an idea all the way to the duck pond, and when they reached it in they went, "Plump!" as if they were off for a jolly swim, just like any other good-natured geese.

Then Emma Belle laughed outright.

"What is amusing my little girl?" asked mother, coming out of the house with a plate of hot cookies.

"Oh, the geese are so silly when they are cross!" laughed Emma Belle, and she never knew that that was a good joke on herself, too.

THE STORY OF BABY CORN.

A happy mother stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,
I'll keep you warm, my dear.
I'll give you petticoats of green,
White nanny's tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow,
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
For though it had no eyes,
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
A fine-spun thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung,
And still as summer days went on
To mother-stalk it clung.
And all the time it grew and grew—
Each kernel drank the milk
By baby's mouths provide, in sun,
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round
And each was shining white,
The green and sunny world it felt out,
The green skirts fitted tight.
The ear stood straight and large and tall
And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald green gown
To say: "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said mother stalk,
"And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
Into a soft brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said "Now I'm
A full-grown ear of corn."

About Soap.

One of the most common household articles today is soap, and the present generation can scarcely realize that at a time when there was no such thing. Yet it is only comparatively recently that soap has been in largely manufactured. Until the discovery of soap as we know it, the best cleansing agent was fuller's earth, the absorbent properties of which enabled it to remove grease and dirt from wool and fabrics. It is still used extensively for cleansing or fulling woolens and other cloths.

Another means of cleansing was the soap wort, the juice of the plant which hardened freely on rubbing with water. Another was the root of the plant known as soap wort, the lathering properties of which were due to the presence of a substance of the saponin class also found in the horse chestnut.

Our great grandmothers used to make their own soap by the following process: A barrel was raised at the back of the yard and a hole bored in it, about an inch and a half under it, and the bottom of the barrel was perforated with small holes. The barrel was filled with wood ashes, and now and then a little water was thrown on them, the water which found its way into the tub beneath. As the water percolated through the ashes, it became strong with lye and soda which are always found in the ashes of plants, and thus a quantity of liquid obtained which was put into an iron boiler with a quantity of fat, and the mixture boiled for an hour or longer. Salt was then added, and as the mixture cooled a solid layer of soap formed on the top of the lye in the boiler.

The modern process of soap making is practically identical, only instead of ashes a weak solution of caustic soda, or lye, is used. Fats and oils are boiled along with this lye, and the mixture, constantly agitated, and as the temperature increases, stronger lye is used, until the operation is completed. Salt is added, and when the soap is insoluble in salt water it rises to the top of the soda liquor. The lye is then run off, and a fresh solution of water added, after which the soap is again boiled. The boiling may last for several hours to allow impurities to settle, and the soap is finally run off into moulds and cut into bars.

Fancy soaps are generally made by refining common soap and adding colored matter and perfumes.

Glycerine is an important by product of soap making. Mostly all fats consist of glycerine and stearic acid. When they are boiled with soda the soda extracts the stearic acid from the glycerin, and the latter is run off with the lye liquor when the first boiling is completed; but it is subsequently recovered by distillation.

The Indian Chief.

"Are those Indian wigwams to the field yonder?" said Delphie to her cousin Walter. Delphie had come from the city to spend October with her cousins.

"No, they are not real Indian wigwams," said Walter, "but they are a kind of a wigwam; they are shocks of Indian corn, and they make a fine camping ground for all the little field and wood folk."

"Are there any bears?" asked Delphie, and he said: "An Indian chief lives in that camp sometimes. Would you like him to come to supper with us? I'm pretty fierce, you need not be afraid of him."

"Yes, I would like to have him down; you will be here, won't you?"

"I shall be here when he comes," said Walter. "I will invite him for this evening."

Delphie saw some mischief in her cousin's eye. That afternoon Walter slipped away to the cornfield to make his "Indian chief." Delphie kept her eyes open. She saw him slip shyly away to the "camping ground," as she called it. She followed him and hid behind a shock of cornstalks. Walter finished the "chief's" head, which was a great yellow pumpkin, and tied a lighted candle inside. He laughed aloud at the funny face. "That is great," he said; "we will go calling this evening, won't we Chief?"

Delphie could hardly keep from laughing aloud herself, it all seemed so funny. "I'll be ready for the Indian chief," thought Delphie, as she slipped away to the house without being seen.

"There, Chief, you will do," said Walter; "I will call for you this evening."

When Walter returned, Delphie said: "Do you think the chief would take any refreshments this evening if I should offer him some?"

"Certainly," said Walter; "he would be delighted."

Evening came. There was a loud knock at the door. Delphie appeared in a long gown, a dainty cap, and she wore a pair of spectacles. She bowed very low before the Jack-o'-lantern and said: "You are very welcome, Chief."

This was such a surprise to Walter that he laughed right merrily an- said, "Del, who told you my secret?"

"No one, my dear chief," said his cousin. "Now take your refreshments," and she placed before him a nice pumpkin pie."

The Robbers Fox

At a country store in Mississippi a boy named Fred Henderson, who slept in the store, was awakened one night by the noise made by robbers who were trying to pry off the shutters of the front window. He had no firearms, and he had such a cold he could not cry out.

Something must be done to frighten the robbers away, and after a moment he thought the boy slipped downstairs in his bare feet and got hold of a dozen cannon firecrackers from a box where they had been stowed away.

Then he crept together, he returned upstairs and softly raised a window and then lighted one end and threw the firecrackers out. There were three robbers and a team of horses, and all ran off at their best pace.

Both horses were killed by running into a tree; the men escaped. The firecrackers answered better than a shotgun.

A Lucky Boy.

One day last fall a Kansas boy who was in charge of a flock of goats feeding on a mountain, suddenly missed one of the animals. The boy looking around, he saw that the goat had fallen over a cliff and landed on a shelf about 20 feet down.

The boy hurried to the spot and lowered himself and to his great surprise he found the animal in the mouth of a cave. Entering the cave, he found the skeleton of a man and a purse containing $1,000 in gold.

The doctors who examined the human bones said that they were those of a man who had been dead for at least 20 years. It was concluded that he was some tourist who fell over the top of the cliff where the goat had, and no one coming to his assistance he had crawled into the cave and died of starvation. The boy's father was permitted to keep the gold, and will use it to give his son an education.

OUR BABY.

We have a baby at our house,
The best one we could get;
I s'pose his hair is flaxen, but—
It hasn't come up yet.

A HINT FOR EASTER.
Matilda's curious hat I make
The subject of my sonnet
She thought it was a crying shame
She had no Easter Bonnet
So took her Fathers old silk hat
And glued some Egg shells on it!